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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

DAVID REED, PROPRIETOR. BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1846. JOHN H. MORISON, EDITOR.

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For the Register.

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY AND INTEREST.

MR. EDITOR,—I was much pleased, with a discourse I lately heard upon the "influence" every person has upon others. It is a serious, and much more important subject, than most people imagine; and it cannot be too often impressed upon people's minds. Few consider, or seem to be aware, of the influence they *do* have upon others; far less, make the inquiry, what that influence *is;* yet, every person of observation, must be well aware, of the great, and all-powerful influence, *one* person can have, for good, or evil; not only upon a few, but upon a multitude. Though it is a very common plea for listless inactivity, and *indifference*, to say, "we can do nothing,—for we have no influence."

While listening to that discourse, and particularly, while the *sacrament* was being administered to the Church of that Society,—I could not but reflect, and inquire, what is the *influence here;*—in this Church—among these Church members? Is there a good, and salutary influence pervading the Church, and *felt* by every member? Do we assemble around this table, as sincere Christians; with the spirit to obey, and follow the example, of Him, whom in this act, we outwardly profess to honor? Are our hearts warm with that "love" to God, and "love" for each other, which grows out of purely religious principles? Have we assembled here this day and hour, as "brethren and sisters"—bound together by one common bond of Christian sympathy, and union of purpose? Have we the sincere desire to commemorate His love for each, and all of us; as well as to refresh our memories with our religious obligations and professions? Or, have we assembled around this table through mere *form?* With our hearts destitute of those Christian feelings, which only can be acceptable to Him, before whom all hearts are laid open?

Have we come to the Temple "to pray," with deep humility, for our numerous offences;—and to ask strength to do our duty to God our neighbor? Or, have we come with all the pride, self conceit and arrogance of the *Pharisee?* Saying, as plainly as *actions* can speak,—to many truly good and conscientious fellow-worshippers—"stand off"!—for I feel myself, if not "holier"—much *better* than thou! And I thank God, I am not *like* you! "Brethen and sisters,"—is mere form of speech! Though you *do* belong to the same Church,—sit beside me for months and years and drink from the same cup,—yet, I know you not! you are a "*stranger*" to me both outwardly and inwardly! I feel no interest, no love, no sympathy, no companionship with you! Were you sick or in trouble I should do as the "Priest" and the "Levite" did, walk on the "other side" and *avoid* you! And this my averted look or cold, repulsive glance, must long ago have told you!

Now whether this *is* the case or not, each heart and conscience must know, as well as the all-seeing God whom we professedly serve. But if this sad picture is any way *true*,—what can be, what *is* the "influence" *of* that Church; or of such Church members? Can it be other than evil and pernicious? Are not such bringing reproach and disgrace upon the Church of Christ! Are they not *wounding* and *chilling* if not effectually *destroying* the tenderest, the *best* feelings of the heart! Are they not the ones who call out the derisive remark of the scoffer—"behold how these Christians *love* one another"! "What do they *more* than others"! Have not such prevented many from *joining* the Church! Have they not caused others to *leave*,—or desire to leave and go where they could find Christian sympathy, Christian union and Christian feelings!

The flimsy, puerile and *artificial* distinctions, with which so many love to envelop themselves, is extremely ridiculous anywhere and betrays a sad *deficiency* in *mind* and *heart;* but when it is carried into the Church of Christ,—to the very *altar* of God, it is an *outrage* upon every conscientious mind, and upon that "holy rite", instituted for the calling forth and practice of every Christian attribute.

What *is* "communion," but the meeting together of Christians to strengthen and encourage each other's hearts in the sacred performance of those Christian virtues, enjoined so strongly by our Savior! and to cheerfully do this, in "remembrance" of Him, who also said—"by this shall it be known that ye *are* my disciples, if ye *love* one another." And is not this union and love for each other a type of the Heavenly communion! Can vanity, pride or indifference, be carried *into* Heaven! or, do such heaven seekers expect to *change* their characters at *death;* and then clothe themselves with the heavenly attributes! *Then* and *there* first learn to know, love and cherish a Christian sympathy for each other! Surely, reason, as well as the Scriptures, contradict such an absurd idea! How, then, can any one call himself a *Christian* and violate such an express law of our nature, as well as the commands of Him, with whom there is "no respect of persons"; but such as do good and such as do evil. With such unchristian feelings, can we expect to be included in that prayer of the Savior to his Father and our Father that we "all may be *one*" in heart and purpose as they are one.

To whom should the isolated, the sick and the afflicted look for kindness and consolation under the trials of life, if not to *Christians;* especially those, with whom they have covenanted at the same altar! Is it not as much the *duty* of the "brethren and sisters" of the Church to offer their sympathy as for the minister! When the "*box*" is passed round for the "*poor*" of the Church, is all Christian "*charity*" and *duty* performed when a *mite* of one's possessions is carelessly and with the utmost indifference, as to where it shall *go*—cast into the box! Is there not that which *every* Christian can give, which would cost nothing,—but yet is of more real merit and *worth* to the receiver, than if he gave all his outward possessions! For who is not deeply sensible to, and truly grateful for—sympathy and disinterested kindness! Who is not made *better* for it!

If ministers would aim more for "Christian union" in their *Churches*, they need not go beyond; for there might they hope for a success in their labors, they could find no other way. Then would they not only *build up* the Church but they would find *in* the Church a powerful auxiliary ready to promote and carry out their best efforts. This has invariably been the case in all places where the Church of a Society has literally been *united*; as is happily the case in many Societies in your city. Then there is indeed a good and powerful influence felt and stimulating each and all to every good work and Christian duty; and if they do not like the early disciples, "sell their lands and have all things in common"—yet do these exemplary disciples *freely* give of their possessions! and what is of far more consequence, their kindness, Christian charity and tender *sympathy* is ever active and cheerfully given to such as they can find, who really need, without money and without price. And this is the noblest, purest and most *acceptable* offering one can lay upon the altar of duty.

G.

UNITARIANISM.

The November number of the (English) *Prospective Review* contains an interesting article on Unitarianism, of which we give below the closing portions. We may recur to the article again.

"The feeling we entertain toward Unitarianism is not one of friendliness only. We regard it with love. Our affection is strengthened by a firm conviction that the best and noblest interests of mankind are bound up with its welfare. We feel no sympathy at all with those who are disposed to deny the importance of the controversy with which it is identified. The character of the men who have acted under the conviction of this importance—the earnest labors and extensive sacrifices to which that conviction has given rise—the vast amount of truth which its assertion has brought to light—and the sound practical results which have followed the exercise of fidelity and zeal in consistency with it—these and other things of a similar kind, make it quite impossible that the question with which they are connected should possess the insignificance which it has been the fashion among some parties to attribute to it. Such a view of the case too often manifests a want of sympathy with what is good and great, and still more frequently indicates a gross ignorance of the facts to which it professedly relates.

The Unitarian Controversy has, from an early period, occupied a very prominent position in Christian affairs. Looking at Ecclesiastical History as a whole, and contemplating the question in the broad light of principle, we may pronounce this to have been the great theological controversy of the Church. It is so regarded now by the mass of professing Christians, and in our opinion it is right thus to regard it. The line which separates Unitarian from Trinitarian forms of belief, marks that difference in the Christian world which is most decided in its character and most vital in its influence. Such diversities as are presented by Calvinism and Arminianism are treated as various representations of Orthodoxy, but Unitarianism is considered to be emphatically and essentially a heresy. The word heresy, in its generic sense, is often distinctively applied to it. The reason of this is very plain. Orthodoxy embraces a compact scheme of theology pervaded by certain cardinal principles. Those principles not only operate through the whole theory, but are necessarily connected together. To touch one is to affect all. The doctrine of the Trinity is one of these principles. If it be exploded, the system of which it is a vital part can no longer be maintained. Unitarianism may not put forth a protest against the different points of Orthodoxy, and it may be quite unable to construct anything possessing the character of a rival scheme; but it is none the less dangerous on those accounts. It owes its power to the complication of that with which it is brought into collision. It shakes the whole fabric by removing one of the corner stones. The damage done at one point, must, from the nature of the case, spread universally. That which is of force here, will be of the same force elsewhere; and the impulse which leads to one act of aggression cannot be satisfied until the work of destruction is completed. It is under the impression of such views as these—felt perhaps rather than apprehended—that those attached to the popular representations of Christianity estimate the nature and bearing of Unitarian opinions. We are persuaded, that, upon the whole, that estimate is a just one.

There is a class of persons, however, who seem to see this matter in a directly opposite light. Individuals are to be found, who, having been thoroughly indoctrinated in Unitarian principles, consider those principles to be of too plain and evident a character to require much exertion in order to their spread. They can scarcely believe that any persons of sound mind could really entertain opposite principles. The question on one side of it, it is so clear to them, and the whole business relating to it of so commonplace a nature, that they hardly think it worth while to turn their serious attention to it at all. We are convinced that such ideas as these are quite erroneously applied to the condition of the Christian world. The mass of professing Christians are believers in the doctrine of the Trinity. The necessity to the system of Orthodoxy which we have pointed out as attaching to this doctrine, is deeply and widely felt. Unitarianism is regarded, not as something which can be dovetailed in the popular theology, but as irreconcileably opposed to the whole scheme. It will not be admitted as a matter about which little or no dispute can be held; but it will be resisted as that which brings certain destruction in its train. This must be the state of the case wherever the profession of Orthodoxy is sincere. Insincere we have no right to suppose it to be, and in general it cannot be. Its adherents may not be able to defend such a point as that of the Trinity, in its separate form; but they are too warmly interested in the plan of salvation, of which it is an essential part, to renounce it as a matter of course. Under these circumstances it behooves those who are anxious for the diffusion of more rational and liberal views of Christianity than commonly prevail, to set themselves in avowed and determined opposition to the principles which constitute the basis or essential support of the popular errors. It is in the Trinitarian form that those errors are held, and it is only by argumentation and appeal directed immediately against Trinitarianism that they can be successfully withstood. We cannot reasonably hope to bring others to the acceptation of our opinions, unless we first remove the obstacles presented by their contrary opinions. That cannot be done as far as the general Christianity identified with Unitarianism is concerned, unless the Unitarianism itself be brought into collision with the contrary dogmas of the Trinitarian faith.

The views of the class of persons to whom we have just referred are seconded by two other classes whose position on this subject may justify a passing remark. The one consists of those who, having been brought up in Trinitarian opinions, have lost their faith in them, either wholly or partially, without determining to sacrifice their orthodox associations. The other consists of those whose theology has not been derived either from Trinitarian or Unitarian sources, or connected with Christian investigation in any proper sense of the term, and who, therefore, are indifferent to a dispute lying out of their way.

It is scarcely necessary to do more than thus describe these parties, in order to prove that their conclusions on this question are not worthy of the regard of any sincere and earnest believer.

The question with the first of them is simply whether the plain dictates of honesty should or should not be followed in the formation and publication of opinion. Their minds are kept in a state of doubt by refusing to carry out the principles they have adopted to their legitimate consequences, and an endeavor is made by them to accommodate Trinitarian language to the disbelief of that which it was originally intended to express. Neither of these things is reconcileable with integrity. Neither of them would exist if a cowardly attachment to mere outward interests, in opposition to the interests of truth, did not previously exist. The whole business is an attempt—a false and futile attempt—to unite the benefits of liberality with the credit of Orthodoxy. Let it deceive itself with whatever confusion of thought and abuse of words it may, it ends where it began, in the obvious truth, that the doctrines really held are not the doctrines professed to be held.

As the question with the first of the parties we mentioned is one of honesty, so that with the second is one relating to the very existence of Christian belief. Their guiding star is a certain religious philosophy which has not been derived from Christianity, but is applied to its explanation. They make use of the Scriptures for the purpose of illustrating what has been obtained from other sources, but not for the purpose of supplying religious truth. Nothing distinguishes them more than the loose and uncertain modes of scriptural interpretation they adopt. To yield to these principles is, we fear, eventually to give up the cause of Christianity itself. Unitarian belief, and a belief in the Christian revelation, are, under certain circumstances, most intimately connected together. When, after the rejection of Orthodoxy, Unitarianism is also rejected, the rejection of Christianity naturally follows. Indifference to Unitarianism on Christian principles we think there cannot be, and the indifference which arises from other principles leads to, if it does not beteken, anti-Christian opinion. The fact that Unitarianism is one of two main forms of Christian truth, gives to it peculiar significance and power; and it is a fact which should be kept in mind throughout all our calculations on this subject.

The question naturally opened by the observations we have last made is one deserving of much more attention than we can now pay to it. A few further remarks upon one particular branch of it must suffice. The view of the case to which those remarks will relate is this. *Trinitarianism forms a strong barrier in the way of Christian belief.* Who that looks around him can wonder that the doctrine of the Trinity should be identified with Christianity. It stands prominently forth in the creeds, and articles, and confessions of faith which Christian communities have adopted. It is zealously professed by the vast majority of those who are distinguished by anything like an attachment to the Christian system. It is, as we have already seen, inextricably interwoven with other doctrines of a kindred spirit, the whole being insisted upon as what are called the peculiarities of Christianity. It is defended with the utmost firmness and pertinacity of contention, and those who will not subscribe to it are branded with every approbious name which the *odium theologicum* can devise. How can we expect that these influences should be successfully resisted so that Christianity may stand before the minds of intelligent men freed from the imputation which such a doctrine as this casts upon it? If such men turn to the serious examination of the Christian records at all, it is with their judgments pre-occupied by the modes of thinking prevalent in the Christian world, which have fixed an orthodox sense upon the language of the New Testament, or it is under the guidance of authorities who will carefully lead them to that sense. In many instances, however, they do not think themselves bound to turn to that examination at all. Taking their views of Christianity from the manifestations of opinion around them, they feel, too, convinced of its absurdity to deem it worthy of investigation. The exercise of reason cannot be really renounced in deference to what is called Revelation, by those to whom the true path of mental progress lying before mankind has been opened. They do not start at a mystery, for they see more of mystery in all things than the ignorant and unthinking can do. But they turn away from a contradiction offered to their faith as from an insult to manhood. The contradiction here is too plain to impose for a moment upon a sensible and unprejudiced man, and such a man will see in the cunning sophisms by which it is attempted to be supported—in the vague and shifting ideas, and the strange, obscure, and mystical language which prevail throughout the controversy respecting it ample confirmation of his first impression. It is to him, not some vast conception demanding his reverence, but a pitiful imposition justifying his contempt. The consequence of such a conviction is a far wider spread of infidelity than appears upon the face of society. Christianity occupies an established position which prevents it from being openly attacked by many who give no credence to it at all. To attack it would endanger the temporal interests with which it is allied. To attack it would also endanger spiritual interests which it is seen to involve. On these grounds men pay to it an outward respect, while their understandings and hearts are really alienated from it. Such hollow respect weakens rather than strengthens its true influence. While the absurdities of orthodoxy operate to the production of disbelief, in the case of many who abstain from attacking Christianity, they furnish the most effective weapons to the open opponents of Christianity. If those weapons could be taken out of their hands, the triumph of Revelation would be much more easy and much more successful than it is; and thus to reduce the battle to its fair elements would improve the Christian facilities for aggressive as well as defensive warfare. As the case stands, unanswerable objections are continually met by self-destructive vindications. For these reasons then—because the very existence and efficacy of Christianity itself are at stake—because the neglect and disbelief of such a doctrine as that of the Trinity extends to the whole system with which it is connected—because as long as that doctrine is upheld, it repels those who would be the best friends of our common faith, and gives impregnable advantage to its enemies,—we are anxious to set the questions involved in this subject upon a foundation which we deem to be at once scriptural and rational.

The encouragement of Infidelity is not by any means the only evil of the same kind which may be laid at the door of Trinitarianism. It is equally obnoxious to the charges of promoting superstition and supporting tyranny.

As to *superstition*. The incarnation of Jesus Christ—the worship of his Virgin Mother—the dogma of transubstantiation—the satisfaction rendered to divine justice—not only can these and other equally wild opinions and practices be shown to be historically connected with the deification of our Savior, which the doctrine of the Trinity involves, but they are all justified by an appeal to the concessions made by the human mind, when the Trinity is assented to. The argument in favor of the real presence in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which is drawn by Roman Catholic writers from the acknowledged difficulties attaching to Trinitarian belief, is irrefragable; and destructive as this belief is to all sound principles of rational judgment, we cannot wonder at the spread of Popery, and systems like Popery, when they are suffered to have fair play. "My doubts are done"—was the unanswerable statement of an illustrious convert to Catholicism,—

"My doubts are done!
What more could fright my faith than three in one?
Can I believe eternal God could lie,
Disguised in mortal mould and infancy?
That the great Maker of the world could die?
And after that, trust my imperfect sense,
Which calls in question his omnipotence?
Can I my reason to my faith compel,
And shall my sight, and touch, and taste rebel?
Superior faculties are set aside,
Shall their subservient organs be my guide?"*

*Dryden's Hind and Panther, Part 1.

Such superstitions as those to which we are referring are eminently dangerous in their influence upon religious practice. Their effect in stunting and weakening the intellect is lamentable enough; but their effect upon the moral feelings and conduct is still more lamentable. And yet it is the case, that the Trinity would scarcely be defended, if it were not for its necessary connection with them. It is, for instance, upheld by many solely on account of the support it gives to the popular doctrine of Atonement—a doctrine, the essential principles of which are at once injurious to Piety and Virtue. We desire to see Christianity freed entirely from what is absurd and mischievous. We desire to see it distinguished from all that is vain and fabulous, and manifesting itself among men, as that "power of God unto Salvation," which it really is. We would have it restored to the health and strength of its primitive simplicity. Therefore are we anxious to see this question of the Trinity satisfactorily settled; regarding the popular form of that doctrine, as we do, to be the main encouragement of other superstitions which have perverted the Truth and defiled the purity of the Gospel.

A final word or two we must offer on the connection between Trinitarianism and *spiritual tyranny*. The supremacy of the Pope was one of the fruits of the Trinity. That doctrine was the great question on whose account those ecclesiastical councils were held, which terminated in the establishment of Romish authority. It was but natural that this should be the case. The reception of the doctrine prepared the mind for submission to the authority. The means by which the doctrine was imposed upon the church became the instruments of the authority. It has ever since borne the same fruit. It bears that fruit now. It has been acknowledged over and over again by the most strenuous and able supporters of Trinitarianism, that Scripture alone will not support their theory. Men are therefore required to receive it on the ground of tradition—the tradition being interpreted and applied by the priesthood. It is still more generally acknowledged that this doctrine cannot be comprehended by the human mind. It is confessedly unintelligible. At it, we have been told, "reason starts aghast, and faith itself is half confounded." The power of the Priesthood is, on this account, again introduced. That power is substituted for the exercise of personal thought and judgment. The priesthood strengthens the position which it thus gains by appealing to human reverence and fear. It excites awe by the representation of mystery it makes. It excites dread by insisting upon a belief in its dogmas as necessary to salvation. To yield to such assumptions, is to concede the essential basis on which an unlimited spiritual tyranny may be securely built. It is no wonder that from such premises as these, those conclusions should have been drawn which give to men, ignorant and frail as ourselves, the power of forgiving sins, and opening and shutting the gates of eternal life. The spiritual nature which God has imparted to us is the great gift we have received at his hands. Upon its cultivation and improvement our present and immortal glory depends. Its interests should be preserved before and above all things else. Liberty—freedom from the despotic assumptions of our fellowmen—is the grand condition on which those interests are retained and advanced. That condition Christianity secures to us. The doctrine of the Trinity necessarily leads to a violation of it. As far as we simplify Religion—as far as we place all that is essential to it on those foundations of truth and goodness upon which every one can build for himself—as far as we bring the individual man never to God, by clearing up the mists which a false theology has thrown over the revelation of an Almighty Father,—so far we establish for mankind that spiritual independence which will most contribute to their strength and progress.

POPULAR EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

There is no one feature of the times, as shown in the English Journals that we see, which is more encouraging than the interest there taken in the improvement of the middling and lower classes. The following admirable speech by Lord Morpeth we take from *The* (London) *Inquirer*, a very able paper, to which we are often indebted for important articles.

THE MANCHESTER ATHENÆUM.

"On the evening of Thursday week, the fourth annual *soiree* took place in the Free-trade Hall, when the vast area of that large and elegant structure was crowded with well-dressed ladies and gentlemen.

The Right Hon. Viscount Morpeth, M. P., was in the chair, supported by the Archbishop of Dublin, Lord Ebrington, M. P., the Right Hon. T. M. Gibson, M. P., Mr. Brown, M. P., Mr. M'Gregor, of the Board of Trade; Mr. Brotherton, M. P., Mr. Bright, M. P., Dr. Bowring, M. P., Mr. Edwin Chadwick, of the Poor-law Commission; Dr. C. Mackay, Mr. W. H. Ainsworth, Mr. W. Chambers, of Edinburgh &c.

Lord Morpeth, on presenting himself, was received with loud and long-continued cheering.—When the applause had subsided, he said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—I trust that I shall be believed when I say, that I appreciate my situation. With whatever incidents of distinction or responsibility I may happen to be invested elsewhere—honored as I may be by the choice of no mean constituency—(cheers)—on the other side of the hills which bound your prospects—permitted, as I am, to take a part in the highest councils of the State—yet I can with truth assure you, that I find something very new, fresh, and large in the honor of being called upon to preside at the jubilee of the Manchester Athenæum—(cheers). The last echoes of this place, which I feel it a hardihood in myself to rouse again, answered to the accents—deep, gentle, and earnest as his own spirit—of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd. Why, gentlemen, the name of the Athenæum itself suggest that it is a befitting theatre for all the utterances of the bard of "Ion" and the "Athenian Captive." Next before him, I know your spirits must have thrilled under the spell of so potent a magician as Mr. D'Israeli—(cheers.) In the very hottest conflicts of political party, from which we are happily here sheltered, I think it would have been impossible, even for his most exposed victim, to have been blind to the point, the genius, the brilliancy, which played even around the wounds they made. But here on this gorgeous stage, amid this congenial auditory, on the topic familiar to him, of literature, of art, and of imagination, I, who could only read in cold print what he said, apart from all the kindling accessories of time and place, can easily believe how the admiration, which is not withheld from him even on the barren ground of political controversy, must have here swelled into enchantment—(loud cheering.) On the first of these annual occasions, the first, at least, that was held upon this scale of size and splendor, this chair was filled, and it can never be filled more worthily, by Charles Dickins—(applause.) That bright and genial nature, the master of our sunniest smiles and our most unselfish tears, whom, as it is impossible to read without the most ready and and pliant sympathy, so it is impossible to know, at least I have found it so, without a depth of respect and a warmth of affection, which the rare union of singular qualities at once commands—(cheers.) I rejoice that in Manchester, beyond all dispute the first city in the ancient or the modern world for manufacturing enterprise and mechanical skill, you have not been content with that display of wealth which may jostle in your streets, or be piled in your warehouses; you have not thought it sufficient to raise factories, tier upon tier, or magazines that will accommodate the traffic of the world, but you have thought it your business, too, to build and set apart a home and a haunt for innocent enjoyment—for useful instruction—for graceful accomplishment—for lofty thought, a shrine of philosophy, a Pallas Athenæ, in a Christian land—(loud cheers.) I am glad to perceive, that while the benefits of your institution are not confined to any condition, to any class, to any denomination, so also they are not exclusively appropriated even to one sex—(laughter and cheers.) Women have always played an important, perhaps I might dare to say not uniformly a beneficial part in this world's history—(a laugh.) But, as civilization advances, I have all confidence that they will play both a more recognized and a more elevated part than they have ever yet done—(cheers.)—Among the many currents which the restless activity of our time is ever eddying along, I trust that a prominent one will be devoted to make the education of women sound, substantial, enlightened, all that it ought to be to train those who, in any case, must be the real trainers, and who may be the best trainers, of all our citizens, and all our workmen—(loud cheers.) I may ask you whether it is not very much owing to the impulse of ideas thrown out and caught up here, at your lecture-rooms, in your schools-gatherings, or in the more earnest friction of your discussions—whether it is not very much owing to the agency of your members, your officers, your founders, that, to select an instance, the public parks which add so much both to the material and the moral beauty of this great city—(cheers)—the public baths and wash-houses, which are calculated to have deeper effect than on the mere skin and linen—(cheers)—and all the attention which has been bestowed on sanitary regulations—(cheers)—in a great degree owe their rise!—(cheers) Can you look to other sources for the foundation of your industrial school—for the weekly half-holiday in your ware-houses—(cheers)—or for the early closing of your shops!—(cheers) I can only say, that if general arrangement can be arrived at between the employers and the employed, which shall secure to the rising manhood and womanhood of Manchester a greater amount of leisure for blameless recreation and for mental culture, no one will rejoice more cordially than myself—(cheers.)

It is by patient inquiry, by diligent study, by humble-minded searching after truth, that all real knowledge is to be wooed and won, equally apart from that shallow presumption which sets up its own speculations and sophistries in the place of conscious reason and a disciplined faith, and from that blind bigotry which bears down fair argument, decides against proof, and condemns without a hearing. Genius will often be seen to rise, like the fabled goddess of old, out of the ocean billow, from those surfaces of society where you would least expect to find it, break through the surrounding uniformity, and shed sudden radiance round the new horizon—(cheers.) But while I am ready to track its shining course, and to bask in its genial warmth, I would also beg to remind you that there is something more admirable than genius, and that is virtue; there is something more valuable than success, and that is duty—(cheers.) The hope to succeed in the world, and to play a shining part in the society around us, may often act powerfully as an incentive; but it is to be feared that such a hope has too much engrossed both the efforts and the admiration of mankind—(loud cheers.) I remember being greatly struck once with an expression which was used by a friend of mine, though you will perceive, at once, that it is not to be understood quite in its literal acceptation; but the expression was, that "Heaven was made for those who had failed in the world." Now, there are all sorts of unbecoming and unenviable feelings, which often may accompany and embitter failure, as, on the other side, every bright and blessed quality of the heart and the mind may enhance and adorn success. But to aim at success, to meet with failure and not to grudge it, to be outstripped by a rival, and yet to hear a rival's praises with an unwounded ear—these are efforts and triumphs, beside which the ordinary successes of the world are light and trivial—(cheers.) Success, after all, in almost every walk of life, from the aspiring statesman down to the ambitious parish-beadle, will very often be found to consist of very coarse, obtrusive, and vulgar ingredients, certainly of no heavenly temperament; while there is no grace of character, no spring of self-reliance, no element of progress, with which failure, when not earned by our own *laches*, and when sustained with an even and brave spirit, may not allay itself—(hear, hear.) Depend upon it the world, in more instances than we can think of, has never discovered or crowned its best—(cheers.) There are diamonds in Golconda more precious than the Pitt diamond or any other diamond that ever blazed upon the diadem of royalty. There are pearls in unopened shells more lustrous than any that ever yet shone on the neck of beauty—(applause.) The ages, as they pass by, have known their Homer, their Raphael, their Newton, and their Shakspeare; but I doubt not there are in the human creation, as in all besides, prodigalities, which have never yet been fathomed. I believe it to be no less true, that nothing that was ever given to us, has, except by our own fault, been lost or thrown away. What, after all, is the material point? Is it to be Homer, to be Raphael, to be Shakspeare, or to be merely thought a transcendent poet or an unparalled painter! Is it to conceive in the inmost soul the lineaments of the Holy Mother and the Divine Babe, or the idea of Lear on the heath, or of Macbeth at the banquet; or is it merely that would-be critics should commend the picture, or crowded audiences should shout "Bravo" in the pit—(loud cheers!) Carry away with you this great truth—carry it to your daily task, or to your evening leisure, to the quiet of your homes, or to your social musters—that it matters comparatively little what you may seem to be; it matters even proportionally little what you may actually do, but it matters everything what you are—(loud cheers.) I feel that in touching on such high topics of morality and conduct with scarcely authorised lips, I may subject myself to imperfect explanations, and to much misconstruction. I know that it is often thought, that addresses delivered upon such occasions are to apt to minister to the pride of man, and to the undue adulation of the intellect. I disclaim all such tendencies. When I tell you may be all you should be, I do not exclude from the method of being so, those aids and sanctions which are too high for me here to dwell upon. I am as confident as any one, that reason as well as Christianity makes humility almost its most prominent grace—(cheers.) Who would not be humble, who felt as he ought the loveliness of virtue and the magnificence of knowledge—(cheers!) I should like to ask one of those fortunate men who have lately added a new planet to our system, or who, as was beautifully said on an earlier occasion, have "lent the lyre of heaven another string"—I should like to ask them, whether their spirit has not rather recoiled in modest awe, than swelled in self-sufficient presumption, before the secrets of that space into which they have been enabled to dart a more far-seeing glance than any of their fellows!—[cheers] And so it will be when the time has come which shall, to our enlarged and perfected vision, unfold the whole bright mechanism of stars, and suns, and systems. The laws which will then serve to explain to us why their stations are fixed, and how their mazes are guided, will only supply us with fresh reason for being more reverent, more acquiescent, more lowly—[cheers.] As to myself, I have only further to say, that if when the gay glitter of this scene has passed away—when the strains of music are hushed, and silence has fallen on the voice of the speaker—if, in the stillness of your quiet homes, or amid the clang of your daily labor, you shall have derived a single encouragement to ennobling reflections and to worthy pursuits; or if, still more, any one of you—for such times come on all of us—when he smarts under the sting of disappointment, or under a sense of the world's coldness or alienation, shall be reminded how little this really signifies, and that, as I have ventured to say, failure is one of the appointed means of access to heaven—if any word of mine shall have contributed to this encouragement, or or to this alleviation, I have not come to Manchester quite in vain. (The noble Viscount resumed his seat amidst long-protracted cheering.]

DEATH OF MINISTERS.

This was the introduction to an editorial article in our paper of last week, in which was noticed the death of two of the ministers of Christ. Since it was written, we have stood by the coffin of one of them, as it rested beneath the sacred desk from which he had often proclaimed the word of life. The sanctuary, filled by a bereaved and mourning congregation, was hung in the dark drapery of sorrow, and amidst the solemn services, nothing seemed to us so impressive as the silence, deep and unbroken, of him who lay there coffined before us. But a few days since he was among the living, now the ties of earth were for ever sundered. From that pulpit his voice of supplication to God, and of expostulation and entreaty to his flock, was heard; now his tongue is paralysed. His animated eye is clothed with the shadows of death. The conscious, active being lies senseless now, and unconscious of the scenes around him. He regards not the company of ministering brethren who are there to perform for him the last rites, neither does he greet them as was his custom. He is not there. It is but the shattered tenement which he so lately inhabited, that we commit to the dust. He, the living conscious spirit, is far away in other climes, and amidst different scenes. No longer on the rack from agonizing pain; the feelings of the pastor, the husband, the father, no longer intensely awakened, as called to bid the last adieu, and to leave loved ones behind him; but amidst that glory of which, with his last breath, he spake. How unutterable the change! a change of worlds, a change of relations, a change of life;—from trials to rewards, from weakness to strength, from temptation to sinlessness, from solicitude and care and toil, to the full maturity of character and triumph in glory. The death of a good minister of Jesus Christ is one of the most solemn of all events. He passes hence to give an account of a great stewardship; he has sustained great responsibilities, he goes to meet their great issues. Far more solemn is it, however, in relation to those over whom he has acted as an under shepherd. His connexion with them ceases for all time; it is to be renewed only in eternity. To him the afflicted can no more repeat their griefs; to them he can no more repeat the great and precious promises. The soul-stricken cannot now resort to him for counsel, nor the lambs of the flock gather around him for instruction. The Sabbath will never again open the gates of the sanctuary for his admittance, nor from the pulpit shall his admonitions be heard to the worldly-minded, the careless, the backsliding. Those of his flock who remain unreconciled to Christ, may remain so for ever, as far as he is concerned. His sympathy for their suffering and endangered souls will reach them never again. His last notes of warning have died away on the air, and as an ambassador for Christ he will beseech them no longer to be reconciled to God. [Presbyterian.

THE ELECTRIC MAGAZINE OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

From this very interesting periodical of selections we make the following miscellaneous extracts:

"Sir Walter hath been as a star at which the world have gazed," were the words of Yelverton, the attorney-general, on the solemn mockery of a trial, at which the gallant Raleigh was condemned to be executed; but had they known the fresh lustre which his noble bearing in his last moments was to throw over his varied career, even his bitterest enemies would have paused in their vindictive persecution. Calm and serene, he rose superior to all their malice; while his fearlessness of death was such, that the Dean of Westminister, mistaking its cause, reprehended his levity; but Raleigh "gave God thanks that he had never feared death, for it was but an opinion and an imagination; and as for the manner of death, he had rather die so than of a burning fever; and that some might have made show outwardly, but he felt the joy within. Not," he added, "but that I am a greater sinner, for I have been a soldier, a seaman, and a courtier." Nor is his fortitude so surprising when we consider his eventful life.—He had been familiar with death—he had faced it on the briny wave, amid the ragings of the mighty deep, and in the tented field amid the flashings of the red artillery, and it had been his companion in the dark and gloomy dungeon; but it had ever found him firm and unshaken, and with a hope it could not destroy,—a hope that shone but the brighter, the darker the night by which he was surrounded, a hope that whispered of and pointed to the future.

"Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of truth to walk upon,
My scrip of joy—immortal diet;
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, Hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage—
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven."

The night before execution, after having taken a most tender and affectionate farewell of his wife, Raleigh next bade adieu to poetry, "wherein he had been a scribbler even from his youth." The verses, which breathe a spirit of the most unshaken fortitude, end thus,—

"Even such is Time, that takes no trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up I trust!"

But these were not his best lines, although probably intended as such. We may suppose that, during their composition, his mind, busied with its subject, took no note of lesser matter; but, on their completion, the neglected candle, "dimly burning," caught his eye, when, with all his usual decision and spirit, he penned the following appropriate couplet:—

"Cowards fear to die; but courage stout,
Rather than live in snuff, will be put out."

And Raleigh was "put out," but only to live again. The snuff cleared away, the candle burns ever the brighter; and Raleigh death purged from his fame the dross which ever clings to mortal man, while his death-scene threw around it an additional—an immortal lustre.

A charming article appeared about six years ago in the *Quarterly Review*, entitled "Modern English Poetesses." It was written, we believe, by the late Henry Nelson Coleridge, and and is full of cautious but kindly criticism. The conclusion is worth quotation:—

"Meleager bound up his poets in a wreath. If we did the same, what flowers would suit our tuneful line?
1. Mrs. Norton would be the *Rose*, or, if she like it, *Love Lies a Bleeding*.
2. Mrs. Barrett must be *Greek Valerian* or *Ladder to Heaven*, or, if she pleases *Wild Angelica*.
3. Maria del Occidente is a *Passion-Flower* confessed.
4. Irene was *Grass of Parnassus*, or sometimes a *Roman Nettle*.
5. Lady Emeline is a *Magnolia Grandiflora*, and a *Crocus* too.
6. Mrs. Southey is a *Meadow Sage*, or *Small Tansie*.
7. The classical nymph of Exeter is a *Blue Bell*.
8. V. is a *Violet* with her leaves heart-sharped.
9. And the authoress of 'Phantasmion' is *Heart's Ease*."

The complimentary nature of the criticism drew a world of trouble upon John Murry, the well-known publisher of the *Quarterly*. He was inundated with verse. Each of the nine in less than a week offered him a volume,—some on easy terms, some at an advanced price. He received letters, he received calls, and, worse still, volumes of MS. verse. But the friendly character of the criticism was not confined in its influence to the nine reviewed; parcels of verses from all parts of the country were sent to receive an *imprimatur* at Albemarle Street. Some were tied with white tape, some were sewn with violet riband, and a few, in a younger hand, with Berlin wool. "I wished," Mr. Murry has been heard to relate, "ten thousand times over that the article had never been written. I had a great deal of trouble with the ladies who never appeared before; and, while I declined to publish for the Nine, succeeded in flattering their vanity by assuring them that they had already done enough for fame, having as much or more than Collins, Gray, or Goldsmith, whose reputation rested on a foundation too secure to be disturbed." This deserves to be remembered.

LITERARY IMPOSITIONS.—The Count Mariano Alberti sold to a bookseller at Ancona several unedited manuscripts of Tasso, some of which he interpolated, and others forged. In 1827, he declared himself in possession of two till then unknown poems in Tasso's handwriting; afterwards he produced four other authographs; and then a volume containing thirty-seven poems, which he offered for sale to the Duke of Tuscany, whose agents, however, declared them to be spurious and modern. He then produced a file of Tasso's letters, which were regarded as genuine; till, in 1844, when, on his property being sequestered, the whole affair proved a tissue of almost unexampled forgery.

The library world is now very generally of the belief that that very beautiful poem, John Chalkhill's Thealma and Clearchus, first published by Isaac Walton (1683), was actually the production of that honest angler.

The copies of the 'English Mercurie' (regarded as the earliest English newspaper) in the British Museum, have been discovered to be forgeries, and Chatterton is supposed to have been concerned in their fabrication.

At last a hundred volumes or pamphlets, besides innumerable essays and letters in magazines or newspapers, have been written with a view to dispel the mystery in which for eighty years the authorship of Junius's Letters has been involved. The political letters, so remarkable for the combination of keen severity with polished and brilliant style, were contributed to the 'Public Advertiser,' during three years, under the signature of Junius, the actual name of writer being a secret even to the publisher of that paper. They have been fathered upon

he had acknowledged taking liberties in the translation. Nothing more seems to be necessary to settle that the book must be regarded as to some unknown extent of modern production, founded upon, and imitative of, certain ancient poems; and this seems to be nearly the decision at which the judgment of the unprejudiced public has arrived.'

A species of literary imposition has become common latterly, namely, placing the name of some distinguished man on the title-page, as editor of a work the author of which is not mentioned, because obscure. This system, done with a view to allure buyers, is unjust towards the concealed author, if the work really merit the support of an eminent editor, for it is denying a man the fair fame that he ought to receive; and if the work be bad, the public is cheated by the distinguished name put forth as editor and guarantee of its merits. Still, however, the tardiness of the people themselves in encouraging new and unknown writers of merit, is the reason why publishers resort to this trick to insure a sale and profit.

Several ingenious deceptions have been played off upon geologists and antiquaries. Some youths desirous of amusing themselves at the expense of Father Kircher, engraved several fantastic figures upon a stone, which they afterwards buried in a place where a house was about to be built. The workmen having picked up the stone while digging the foundation, handed it over to the learned Kicher, who was quite delighted with it, and bestowed much labor and research in explaning the meaning of the extraordinary figures upon it. The success of this trick induced a young man at Wurzburg, of the name of Rodrick, to practice a more serious deception upon Professor Berenger, at the commencement of the last century. Rodrick cut a great number of stones into the shape of different kinds of animals, and monstrous forms, such as bats with the head and wings of butterflies, flying frogs and crabs, with Hebrew characters here and there discernible about the surface.—These fabrications were gladly purchased by the professor, who encouraged the search for more. A new supply was accordingly prepared, and boys were employed to take them to the professor, pretending that they had just found them near the village of Eibelstadt, and charging him dearly for the time which they alleged they had employed in collecting them. Having expressed a desire to visit the place where these wonders had been found, the boys conducted him to a locality where they had previously buried a number of specimens. At last, when he formed an ample collection, he published a folio volume, containing twenty-eight plates, with a Latin text explanatory of them, dedicating the volume to the Prince-Bishop of Wurzburg. The opinions expressed in this book, and the strange manner in which they are deferred, render it a curious evidence of the extravagant credulity and folly of its author, who meant to follow it up with another publication; but being apprised by Mr. Deckard, a brother professor, of the hoax that had been practiced, the deluded author became most anxious to recall his work. It is therefore very rare, being only met with in the libraries of the curious; and the copies which the publisher sold after the author's death, have a new title-page in lieu of the absurd allogorical one which originally belonged to them.

Detached Thoughts from Jean Paul Richter.—We should never mourn for one that dies at fifteen. There dies the first dawning of love with the spring-flowers in its little heart. I would visit the grave of such an one in the spring, merely that I might be glad.

Spring passes away, and so must thou. Is thy cheek of roses fairer than the rose which must also fade? Thy song, other than that of the nightingale, which is also silenced? Lie down calmly in thy dust, thou human flower.—That dust will yet be the pollen of a fairer one; and earth has no more than it can do to thy blossoming soul.

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, DECEMBER 5, 1846.

EMPLOYMENT OF WINTER EVENINGS.

The winter is now at hand; and, with it, the abundant leisure for intellectual improvement which it affords. What shall be done with these long evenings. It is a most important question for heads of families and for the young; since, on the manner in which these leisure hours are now spent, must depend, in no small degree, the future character and influence of those who are entering upon life. Here are precious moments given to you, that with them you may gain wisdom and knowledge. Let them not be thrown away; but begin now, this very evening, to enrich your minds. Let not the winter pass by and leave you as ignorant as when it began.

Be sure to read something every day. And be careful what you read. Avoid the foolish stories, which are such consumers of time, and which so corrupt and debauch the mind. Read standard works. Are you familiar with the history of your own country and of England? If not, make yourself so. Read the lives of the great and good men, who have been blessings and benefactors to their race. Acquaint yourself with ancient history. What do you know of science,—of this world—sun, moon and planets—and these systems of worlds, reaching out with their shining orbs through the dark infinity of space? What do you know of the plants around you, or of the mineral stores beneath your feet? What do you know of the fundamental principles of government or trade? Can you be willing to remain in ignorance of all these things? And yet you must so remain, unless your leisure hours—these long winter evenings—are diligently improved.

We have found it always a useful rule, to devote one day in seven to the study of religious subjects. Apart from the influence of such a rule on your religious character, it gives to that class of subjects no more than the place which they ought to occupy in every well informed mind, and it will make your Sundays, in all respects, more profitable and more pleasant. Works on Natural Theology, on Ecclesiastical History, on Practical Religion, and, if your mind is interested, on Doctrinal Subjects, may all be studied to advantage. But the lives of devout men, such as Oberlin and Cowper, and Ware and Stearns, are among the most agreeable sources of religious instruction. Above all, let not the Bible be forgotten, or taken up only as a matter of unwelcome duty, for the careless reading of a few verses. There are depths of thought and emotion, fountains of wisdom and of consolation, infinitely beyond all that we find in all other places. Read, and ponder well what you read. With this book for your guide walk securely through life, and relying on its promises, fear not to die.

Reader, having these boundless treasuries of instruction within your reach, let not the leisure hours of this coming winter pass unemployed, and you will find yourself at its close a wiser, better, and happier man.

A QUESTION.

According to the Orthodox papers, Unitarianism in Boston is rapidly declining; and according to the same authority vice and immorality are as rapidly increasing. Do these two facts stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect!

OUR DILEMMA.

The New Englander, in October, published an article called "The Dilemma of Unitarianism." In reply to this there appeared in the Christian World a shrewd article entitled, "The Dilemma of Orthodoxy;" in which the difficulties involved in the Orthodox system are forcibly put. Our dilemma is of an entirely different kind. Three or four weeks ago, "The Christian Watchman," a religious paper which we have usually read with pleasure, published an article on Mr. Palfrey's pamphlet, in which, instead of reviewing the pamphlet, the writer undertook to hold up Mr. Palfrey's connexion with Unitarianism in such a light as to prejudice Orthodox men against him in the coming election. The Article was anything but kind or fair, and we expressed our astonishment that it should be permitted to appear in such a paper. Afterwards we published a communication much more severe than our own remarks, which communication the Courier copied as a merited rebuke not only to the Watchman but to us for the superabundant good nature, which we rather ostentatiously manifested on the occasion. The Watchman, on the other hand, thinks our conduct in publishing that article so outrageous, that it feels bound to withhold from us the courteous terms which we had applied to it. What are we to do? For one and the same thing we are rebuked by one paper for our ostentatious exhibition of good nature, and by the other for a course so malicious and unkind as to cut us off from all courtesy. Here we are, not comfortably seated between the two horns of a dilemma, but stretched, as by a rack, over them both; and obliged, for one and the same act, to suffer the punishment of those who are at ease in Zion and of those who take things altogether too hard.

We experienced nearly the same treatment a short time since, when, having written upon Slavery, we received from Maryland, a letter strongly disapproving of an article so severely Anti-Slavery, while in a Charleston (S. C.) paper the same article was partially copied as being wholly against Slavery, but as being written in a spirit which it might be well for others to imitate.

But to return to the Watchman. It is the only religious paper we have seen since we have had the charge of the Register, which has shown a disposition to introduce sectarian influences into our political elections. In this we are assured that it has not the countenance of the large and liberal denomination to which it belongs. If we spoke severely of it for endeavoring to awaken sectarian prejudices against Mr. Palfrey as a candidate for political office, because he was a Unitarian, we should have been equally ready to administer as severe a rebuke to a Universalist or Unitarian paper which had endeavored to create a sectarian prejudice against George N. Briggs or Isaac Davis, because they were Baptists. We deprecate most seriously the mingling in the same warfare, of these two independent principles of strife. Let our political contests be carried on in the spirit and principles of Christianity, but let them be decided on political grounds, entirely independent of religious opinions.

MINISTERS' WANT OF ATTENTION TO THE POOR.

In our remarks on Mr. Parker's Sermon last week, we inadvertently omitted to notice a passage which, as it makes a serious charge against a whole class of men, ought not to pass without a word of comment.

"I have heard ministers boast of great men, and famous, who *sat* under their preaching; never one who boasted that the Poor came into his church, and were fed body and soul!"

We are not inclined to deny the literal truth of this remark. What we hear depends very much on ourselves. If Mr. Parker, in his former intercourse with his brethren, had been as earnest to hear about the poor of their congregations as about the wealthy and distinguished, we have no doubt that his inquiries would have been cheerfully answered. If he were a believer in the Gospels, we would refer him to the first four verses in the sixth chapter of Matthew, where something is said about doing our alms in secret. Those who talk least about the poor, may be the men who are most ready to feel and do for them.

What Mr. Parker has said may, therefore, be literally true; but the charge which it is intended to insinuate against ministers, is wholly false. Circumstances, which it is not worth while here to refer to, have given us an opportunity of knowing perhaps as much as any one, of the interest taken in the poor by the ministers of our denomination in this vicinity, and we assert what we know to be true, when we say that in all the parishes with which we are most acquainted, the very poor families are those who receive the most constant attention from the clergy and from the religious societies to which they belong. Our ministers have always, so far as we have had the opportunity of knowing, felt it a duty peculiarly incumbent upon them, to search out the poor in their congregations, and to assist them. They have never, so far as we can learn, hesitated to make known cases of suffering to the wealthy of their societies, and we have never known a single instance in which an appeal of this kind from a minister has been disregarded. Of course, we do not know how far this benevolent interposition for the poor has been carried, but we know enough to be able to say with perfect confidence, that a very great amount of suffering is every year removed in this way by the ministers of our societies, sometimes acting, themselves, and sometimes leaving to their parishioners the privilege of being their own almoners. The accusation brought against them by Mr. Parker is untrue and unjust. With respect to the man who makes such charges against personal character on such a basis of fact, we can only use the words which he has applied to a different class of offenders. "I would speak charitably of such an one as a fellow-sinner. How he can excuse it to his own conscience is his affair, not mine. I speak only of the fact. * * I am no man's judge, and cannot condemn even [him.] There is one that judgeth. I cannot stand in the place of any man's conscience. I know well enough what is sin; God only who is a sinner. Yet I cannot think the man who retails [such slanders] half so bad as the *rich man* who distils, imports, or sells by *wholesale* the infamous drug. *He knew better.*"

We certainly should not think of applying language like this to Mr. Parker, if he had not prepared it for us. And as it is, we do not apply it to him in his whole character, but only so far as he is poisoning the minds of others by his slanderous charges or insinuations against a class of men, among whom are some of the purest and kindest in the community. We would gladly destroy what we have written; for we have no taste for this species of writing, and it makes us sick to engage in it. But having read it over with a strong desire to soften down our expressions or to destroy them, we find ourselves reluctantly obliged, as the conductor of a public press, to publish them as they now are.

We copy the following article from *The Presbyterian*. It fully sustains us in the ground we took when speaking sometime since of the prospects of liberal Christianity. The Institution here referred to, can be no other than the Andover Theological Seminary. We have no doubt at all, that the increasing light thrown upon Theology by the increased facilities which these Theological Institutions are furnishing for Biblical studies, will everywhere soften down the old rigors of Calvinism, and introduce in their place a truer and more Catholic system of doctrines.

UNITARIANISM.

The *Christian Inquirer*, a Unitarian paper recently established in the city of New York, copies an editorial from the Presbyterian, referring to the decline of Unitarianism, and accompanies it with comments. We refer to the comments chiefly with a view of copying the following pregnant paragraph.

"Unitarianism is not on the decline. The manifestations of her influence are somewhat changed. Orthodoxy has relented. Mild and reasonable views of Christianity are now to be heard in Calvinistic pulpits, and liberal Christianity is doing her work under other names, and with more efficiency than ever. We care not how soon the denomination is disbanded when the holy war is over. If Orthodoxy throws down her arms, or quietly and unconsciously turns her face and fights on our side, we are willing to *look* defeated. We do not stand out as prominently as we once did. The tide of Christian truth has risen about us, and our rock is submerged; not broken, abraded, or sunk. If "Unitarianism is a heartless system," we shall begin to mourn that its general principles are spreading so fast. From the general tenor of the best Orthodox literature, we are beginning to feel that "our occupation is gone"; that our "peculiar" views are no longer characteristic of us. The great point of difference has generally been accounted that which is created by our opposite views of the atonement. But a writer in the Methodist Quarterly Review of October, labors with learning, argument, and eloquence, to show that every other view of the atonement than that which ascribes to it a moral influence over man as its essence, is unscriptural, unphilosophical, and irrational. And Orthodox works are every day coming out in opposition to the doctrine of vicarious *punishment*. Unitarians believe in the vicarious *sufferings* of Christ, not in the technical, but the only real sense of those words, as fully as any Christians."

It is lawful to be taught by an enemy. There is too much truth in the remark that many, professedly orthodox, are unwittingly aiding the cause of Socinianism. The views of atonement, taught in a celebrated theological seminary in New England, but not confined to the region or Church with which it is associated, are in a very slight degree better than Socinianism, and are unquestionably an advance towards that system. We are not at all surprised that Unitarians should exult in the propagation of such theories, or that it should hail them as pioneers of a still more thorough disclaimer of the distinctive peculiarities of orthodoxy. If the persons referred to, do not speedily resume their "armour of proof," the good old fashioned doctrine of atonement, they may as well give up the battle. They fight uncertainly as one that beateth the air, and while they deny Unitarianism, it, in turn, smiles on them, as efficient auxiliaries.

[Presbyterian.

Perhaps there is more truth than there ought to be in the following:

HOME.

We know wise and foolish parents who are sadly pestered with the flood of public amusements. Theatres, concerts, assemblies, &c. to say nothing of shows and lectures, keep their children gadding about every night in the week, to the great injury of their health and minds, if not of their morals. This is a great danger. And we know of but one course of safety in the power of the parents—though in many cases so wrong has been their past course, we fear it may be too late.

The thing to be done is this. Make home more attractive than any place out of it. Fill its evenings with instruction, amusement, fun. Take the lead in it yourselves. Get up plays and concerts at home, and *play yourselves*. Your children will be more amused with it than with any dancing girls. You can assist them to write plays as well as to act them. This will be an effectual "back fire" to theatre going, if begun in season. Your children, finding that you sympathize with all their wants and faculties, will swallow your serious instructions more confidingly. They will find you their best friend and companion. You will awaken all their faculties under your own eye, and may draw them out in due proportion. You may get a hearing for lots of solid wisdom which they are not likely to get from school-masters or public lecturers.

Quite the reverse of this course is taken by some parents. During the day they are too busy, of course, to attend to their children, and the latter may be in school or behind the counter. At the tea table it comes out that the tender objects of their solicitude have had an invitation to some party, ball, or play. The father having *important* engagements out—perhaps *official* engagements—delivers a lecture to the mother on the impropriety of permitting her daughters and rattle-pated son to gad out so. She defends herself as best she may, for how can she, the weaker vessel, perform the high duties of the home alone? The children do not care a rush for their father, having never heard from his lips, since trotting time was over, anything but such objurgatory lectures, as "get out of my way, you little plagues." True, they may have seen him very solemn on Sunday, especially in the act of taking his nap in church. He has, in fact, been a terror to them six days in the week, only differing from the rest on Sunday by being a sanctified terror. What wonder if a wicked world should run away with such a man's children? [Chronotype.

MR. GOUGH.

We are thankful for every successful effort that is made in behalf of temperance. Among all the lecturers that we have heard no one has seemed to us more powerful in his appeals to the hearts of his hearers than Mr. Gough. We have watched his course with great interest, and though his fall inflicted a heavy injury upon the cause, and took away the courage of many whom his words had strengthened, we cannot but rejoice to see him once more in the field, with less buoyancy of spirits, but evidently with more serious and religious convictions. What follows is copied from the Courier.

Lecture at Tremont Temple. Mr. Gough delivered his last lecture for the season, in this city, on Sabbath evening, before a very large audience, among whom were seen members of Congress and distinguished professional gentlemen.

The general strain of his lecture was elevated, and his manners serious and dignified. He thought we had looked, perhaps, too exclusively at the physical evils of intemperance, as these were more apparent; but he said its effects upon mind were infinitely more deplorable. The degrading influence of intemperance upon the immortal spirit was so dreadful, that it would seem enough to arouse every human being in whose soul glowed one spark of philanthropy.

If we would go into the fashionable drinking saloons, we should find there young men of brilliant talents, and noble, generous sentiments, gradually quenching the fire that flashed through their eye, and stupifying the mind that might dazzle and charm by its superhuman powers—yes, we should find many such degrading themselves below the brutes, by the besotting influence of strong drink. O, it was pitable, he said, to look upon an idiot—but it was incomparably more so to look upon a young man who had besotted his soul and enshrouded his immortal being in the fogs of intemperance. He walks abroad over this beautiful world, and gazes upon the splendor of the heavens, unconscious as the earth upon which he treads. Beauty has its origin in the mind, not in the star or the flower; the universe is but the nursery of the soul—then how fearful the responsibility of darkening its vision, of paralyzing its powers, of furnishing the tempting draught.

Young men, he said, drank, expecting to reform, but they were laying up a load of wretchedness they could never shake off. Even though they should reform, the powers of their mind would not resume their former lustre, and a portion—the fairest portion of their lives would be worse than a blank in their history—it could neither be reclaimed, nor blotted from the vivid page of memory.

Some, he said, complained of their mixing up temperance with religion. Religion and virtue of every kind were indeed, a kindred nature.—Religion was a flood of light emanating from the throne of God, and temperance was a ray from this same heavenly source. He did not stand there as a preacher, but to tell them what he had seen and felt. God had not sent angels to preach the gospel to us. Every good minister of religion was a reformed sinner, a converted man, who came to tell us his experience, and thus lead us into the paths of wisdom and virtue. He stood there, because he had felt and still felt, in every fibre of his being, the dreadful effects of intemperance.

In addition to its blighting influence on the soul and body of man, it was also the parent of every vice and the most appalling crimes, and it could not be banished from this community till the fountains of pollution were sealed up—till the saloons and grog shops were closed. Public sentiment alone could do this—and that could. Public sentiment on this subject, he said, was right, and all that was wanting was that it should speak out and make its voice heard—make the rumseller sensible of the wo, denounced by the prophet of the Lord, against him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth his bottle to him and maketh him drunk.

When he looked at the crimes and tears and blood with which drunkenness had cursed the land, he said he felt it was no wonder that God had, in so solemn a manner, throughout the Bible, threatened such heavy judgments against the drunkard-maker. O, does not their sin open the blackness of darkness upon thousands of families, and quench the last ray of hope in her thousand youthful bosoms! Where will the respectable young men be five years hence, who patronize the liquor saloons? They will not be found in the society in which they now move, or known there. Every rumseller is a *pauper*—a public pensioner of the worst description. He lives on his fellow-men, and the people—the honest, temperate people—are taxed to support him.

To Bostonians, descendants of the Puritans, he appealed, whether they would, instead of sending out streams of beauty and philanthropy to bless and purify, send out streams of poison and death. He wanted a seal set upon these fountains of death, never to be broken,—the tears wiped from the eye of the drunkard's wife, and comfort restored to the naked, famishing little ones.

This city contained many noble, generous hearts—many who had befriended him in the time of his greatest need, and who, he knew, were pledged to the cause of suffering humanity; and, for himself and for that miserable class for whom they expended their time, their sympathies and their money,—in the name of humanity, in the name of Heaven, he cordially thanked them.

WAR.—VOLUNTEERS.

The call for the nine additional regiments proves conclusively that we are yet at the commencement of the Mexican war. Unless a blow be struck in the Gulf there is little likelihood that the war will terminate during the existence of the Polk dynasty. The present call may therefore be regarded as a prelude to a still larger demand upon the people for troops, and the result will probably show that the gasconading law requiring 50,000 volunteers did not overshoot the melancholy necessity for calling them out.

In our opinion the process of volunteering will be slow in this State. In the first place, our population are generally active, industrious citizens who can earn a substantial livelihood in cultivating the arts of peace. Secondly, our people although brave and chivalrous, and ever ready to face death in a righteous cause, are not particularly enamored of this unhallowed war, and do not very strongly approve of the measures which led to it. In a case of pressing necessity, where the country stood in imminent danger of being cut off for want of reinforcements, they would flock by battallions to the standard of their country without regarding their private views. But in a war waged in a cause of slavery and conquest, when it is yet uncertain whether the conquered provinces are to be stained with the sin of human bondage, and while it is not evident that the South and her abettors are not ready and willing to furnish all the troops required, the people of Massachusetts will think twice before they volunteer to engage in the Mexican war.

The above is from the New Bedford Mercury. We only ask that those, who are most earnest in the support of the desolating war we are now waging with a neighboring republic, may themselves carry it on. As they have been the authors of the bloodshed which it has caused, and the bereaved hearts which it has made, we only ask of them, that they may themselves go to meet its dangers and to enjoy its honors. There is now an opportunity for them to show at once their courage and their patriotism. For ourselves we cannot think of the subject except with the deepest sadness. If, like the Tariff, it were only a question of dollars and cents, we should not speak a word upon it. But when our brethren are called away, to shed their blood for the extension of slavery, and spread the ravages of fire and sword through the fields and cities of a republic whose greatest crime against us had been the abolition of slavery within her borders, we feel that we cannot be silent without treason against the authority of God. Can he sanction this work of blood? Can we, as a Christian people, look to him for his blessing while we are carrying it on? Let men, for this once, lay aside their party prejudices, and in the light of reason and of justice, to say nothing of mercy and love, ask themselves, whether this war can be sustained? Is it one in which we are willing that our brothers and children should risk their lives?

Last week a shock was felt by the whole community, because a steamboat with some fifty human beings was destroyed. But what is this compared with the murderous acts which are reported to us from Mexico;—the burning of towns, the destruction of women and children, the slaughtering of men in the vigor of life; and all sanctioned by the authority of a government, of which every man here is a part? Do we regard and feel these things as we ought? Do we feel the solemn responsibilities which rest upon us in this matter?

The glory of war! Shall we never outgrow this childlike folly? never learn that the glory of peace as far outshines the glory of war, as the calm, clear sun at noon-day outshines the momentary glare of the midnight tempest!—Why then are we in the midst of war! Why these reports of slaughtered men! Do we not die fast enough by the laws of the nation? Are there not under the silent influences of mortality, bereavments and sorrows enough! Are there not bitter ingredients enough in the cup that we and our neighbors are called to drink? Do not the annual shipwrecks on our coast and all the fatal accidentsby land, cause violent deaths enough, to satisfy our appetite for blood? Or must we call in the aid of government with its terrible instruments of destruction to lash the merciful elements into a rage and drive them on in this work of death?

HYMNS AND SACRED POETRY. III.

In our present article we shall depart a little from our previous course, and confine ourselves to a single book lately published in Cambridge and entitled "A book of hymns, for Public and Private devotion." It has been already favorably noticed in our columns, and since then, in the Christian Examiner. In both cases the commendation and the exceptions taken to it were substantially the same; and with what was said in both we should, in almost every particular, agree. We think, however, that our correspondent went too far, when he pronounced it the best collection of hymns with which he was acquainted. We believe it contains less bad poetry than any other Hymn Book that we know; but there are several which we should very much prefer for the purposes of public worship.

In stating our reasons for this preference, we would lay no great stress on poems included here which are not properly hymns, such as Longfellow's Psalm of Life, Mrs Hemans' Pilgrim Fathers, or the Hymns numbered 85, 308, 358, one by Whittier, one by Bulwer, (a name we would rather not meet in such a book) and one marked Anonymous, which strikes us as a not very agreeable transformation of several stanzas from Mrs Southey's lines on removing some old family portraits. Neither do we lay much stress on several alterations which spoil some of the best stanzas in the glorious hymns of Watts; as, for example in the hymn beginning,

Come we that love the Lord.

The first stanzas is slightly changed and not for the better; the third is injuriously maimed; but the fourth is murderously mutilated.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

For these swelling lines, so admirably expressing our joyous and triumphant progress through the conflicts of life, we have this tame and untruthful version.

Then let our *sorrows cease*,
And every tear be dry;
We're *travelling thro' the paths of peace*
To fairer worlds on high.

Another and even nobler hymn of Watts is almost as badly marred. For,

Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb.

we have,

Am I a soldier of the cross,
And pledged to bide its shame;

For,

Sure I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage Lord,

we have

The trusting heart thou wilt sustain,
Increase my courage Lord

When will men learn to keep their (we will not say sacrilegious) hands off from that which they can no more mend than they could mend one of Raphael's paintings! Having said this much, we feel bound to add, that such alterations are rare in the Book of Hymns; and though bad as far as they go, they are too few to be a serious objection to the volume.

But there is an objection which to us is an insuperable one. We have marked a large number of hymns, most of them among the very best in Dr. Greenwood's Collection, which are left out of this. It is possible that two or three of the hundred and one, of which we subjoin the first lines, may be found with a different beginning.

O that my heart were right with thee.
A charge to keep I have.
Glory to thee, my God, this night.
Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.
What must it be to dwell above.
Blest instructor from thy ways.
When darkness long has veiled my mind.
My Maker and my King.
To keep the lamp alive.
The spacious firmament on high.
O for a closer walk with God.
O bless the Lord my soul.
Sweet is the task, O Lord.
Behold the morning sun.
Up to the hills I lift mine eyes.
O thou that hearest when sinners cry.
God of my life, through all its days.
Forgive us for thy mercy sake.
Eternal and immortal King.
Lord thou has searched and seen me through.
My soul, repeat his praise.
The Lord my pasture shall prepare.
When all thy mercies, O my God.
Lord, I have made thy word my choice.
The spirit breathes upon the word.
Long have I sat beneath the sound.
Bright was the guiding star that led.
How beauteous are their feet.
Again the Lord of life and light.
Jesus, and can it ever be.
Sing we the song of those who stand.
A soldier's course from battle won.
Lord, how secure and blest are they.
Thrice happy souls who born from heaven.
O thou to whose all searching sight.
Up to the fields where angels lie.
Amidst a world of hopes and fears.
O happy soul that lives on high.
So let our lips and lives express.
Happy the heart where graces reign.
O happy Christian who can boast.
Wherefore should man, frail child of clay.
Weak and irresolute is man.
Lord, we have wandered from thy way.
Come holy spirit, heavenly dove.
My God, permit my tongue.
O that the Lord would guide my ways
Beset with snares on every hand.
O Lord, my best desires fulfil.
O could I soar to worlds above.
Unite, my roving thoughts, unite.
God of eternity, from thee.
Through every age, eternal God.
To-morrow, Lord, is thine.
O God, our help in ages past.
Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell.
Hear what the voice from heaven proclaims.
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard.
There is a land of pure delight.
When I can read my title clear.
With songs and honors sounding loud.
O how can they look up to heaven.
While with ceaseless course the sun.
Come let us anew our journey pursue.
My helper God, I bless his name.
How pleased and blest was I.
I would not live alway, I ask not to stay.
When the vale of death appears.
God of my life look gently down.
Called by the Sabbath bells away.
When musing sorrow weeps the past.
Return my soul and seek thy rest.
How swift the torrent rolls.
Lord in the morning thou shalt hear.
Come thou Almighty king.
Thus far the Lord hath led me on.
Blest day of God, most calm, most bright.
O source of uncreated light.
When power divine in mortal form.
'Tis gone, that bright and orbed blaze.
O thou, whose wise paternal love.
How blest the sacred tie that binds.
Beyond, beyond that boundless sea.
O come, loud anthems let us sing.
Another six day's work is done.
How pleasant, how divinely fair.
Awake our souls, away our fears.
Come blessed spirit, source of light.
Our heavenly father calls.
Ah wretched souls who strive in vain.
Blest is the man who fears the Lord.
Blest are the souls that hear and know.
God is the refuge of his saints.
Behold where breathing love divine.
Join all ye servants of the Lord.
Thou Lord through every changing scene.
How glorious and how wise.
Great Ruler of all nature's frame.
Great God in vain man's narrow view.
Let us with a gladsome mind.

We are not quite sure that we should not rather have these omitted hymns than all that are left;—certain we are, that their absence must so impoverish any collection, however good in other respects, as to unfit it for being *the* hymn-book of a congregation.

As we have thus particularised some of the omissions, we ought also to say that it has many excellent hymns which are not found in other collections, and without which no hymn-book will hereafter be considered complete. Among the best of these, are several hymns by Jones Very, one of which we subjoin.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew;
Each blade of grass I see,
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture grew.

Wilt Thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

Come! for I need thy love.
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;
Come, like thy holy dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes! thou wilt visit me;
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in peace to dwell.

The following, by one of the compilers, is excellent.

Father, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love,
For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
Of Trust and Strength and Calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
And thou hast made each step an onward one;
And we will ever trust each unknown morrow,—
Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

In the heart's depth a peace serene and holy
Abides, and when pain seems to have her will,
Or we despair,—O, may that peace rise slowly,
Stronger than agony, and we be still.

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love;
Now make us strong, we need thy deep revealing
Of Trust and Strength and Calmness from above.

The following is anomymous.

Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream
In earnest pleading flows;
Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows.

But sweeter far the still, small voice,
Heard by no human ear,
When God hath made the heart rejoice,
And dried the bitter tear.

Not accents flow, nor words ascend;
All utterance faileth there;
But Christian spirits comprehend,
And God accepts the prayer.

We can add but two more, one by Milman, the other a favorite hymn Wesley, not in Greenwood's Collection.

Lord, have mercy when we pray
Strenth to seek a better way;
When our wakening thoughts begin
First to know their cherished sin;
When our weary spirit fail,
And our aching brows are pale;
When our tears bedew thy word;
Then, O, then, have mercy, Lord!

Lord have mercy when we know
First how vain this world below;
When its darker thoughts oppress,
Doubts perplex and fears distress;
When the earliest gleam is given
Of the bright but distant heaven;
Then thy strengthening grace afford;
Then, O, then, have mercy Lord!

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who heaven and earth commands;

Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

No profit canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause,—his ear
Attends the softest prayer.

Then on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on,
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

In conclusion, we would say, that we hardly know of a better collection of sacred poetry than this. We would gladly have it placed by the side of the Bible and Hymn Book in every family.

For the Register.

SWEDENBORG'S VIEW OF HEAVEN.

I have received a letter from Prof. Bush, in which, while he admits my success, in vindicating myself from the charge of misrepresenting Swedenborg, by saying, as I did, in my notice of Mr. B's "Statement of Reasons," that, according to the doctrines of the New Church, "*Concubinage is allowed in the Heavens*," he expresses the conviction, that justice to Swedenborg requires, that his *general idea* of the heavenly state should be more distinctly stated, than it was in my last article.

I fully concur with Prof. B. in the belief, that where any man is arraigned before the public for holding certain opinions, simple justice requires, that those opinions, whether true or false should be fairly stated. I did say, in my last article, that it was "the heaven of the *Mohammedans*," in which the remarkable indulgence alluded to was allowed. But full justice, perhaps, demanded the additional statement, that the advocates of the New Church doctrines lay great stress upon the point, that it is the *Mohammedan*, and not the *Christian* heaven. Swedenborg teaches, that there is *a great variety of heavens*, not only according to the *different degrees*, in which the love of truth and the love of goodness, in their just relations to each other, are the predominant elements of character; but according also to *the different modes*, in which these affections develop or manifest their ruling power. Hence these must be, according to Swedenborg, not only different *degrees*, but different *forms* of heavenly enjoyment. The heaven of Paul must be not only different, in the degree of its bliss, from that of less gifted and less devoted Christians, but different *in form* from that of the pious votary of a mosque or a pagoda.

In this view, it must be confessed, the idea of concubinage, in the initiatory heavens of Mohammedans, appears less offensive, than in the more bold statement contained in my article. And I certainly ought not to be unwilling, that Prof. B., and those who sympathise with him, should have the benefit of a full and fair exhibition of their sentiments. Nor am I conscious of any desire, in this matter, adverse to the claims of truth.

I am also authorized to say, that Prof. B. is willing to recede from the ground, that "*the principles necessitate the details*," and take the somewhat lower position, that "the principles necessitate *the admission* of the details." And whether or not he would succeed in the advocacy of this point, I am persuaded, that the Christian community cannot much longer *ignore* the claims of the Swedish Philosopher. S.

For the Register.

Mr. Editor,—The Committee appointed at the last annual meeting of the Alumni of the Cambridge Divinity School "to prepare a reply to the letter lately received from Ministers of our faith in Great Britain [and Ireland] on the subject of Peace, and to send it to England in behalf of those who may think proper to sign it," having executed the service intrusted to them, may be expected to make some report of their proceedings; for which purpose they ask leave to use the columns of the Register.

Some time necessarily intervened between the appointment of the Committee and the preparation of the reply. A still longer time was required to send the reply as a circular to all the Brethren whose names, if they should see fit, might be appended to the document. Great pains were taken to obtain a complete list of all the preachers in our denomination, notwithstanding which some may have escaped the notice of the Committee, who in consequence of the frequent changes in the ministry found it difficult to ascertain the address of all who might properly be considered as Unitarian ministers. About two-hundred and fifty circulars were sent, of which much the greater part were returned. In a few instances objections were made to signing the address, but two hundred and two signatures were received. These were appended to the reply, of which a fair copy was made on parchment, and the document has been sent to England, to the care of Rev. J. C. Means, through whom the English letter came to us.

It only remains for the Committee to publish the reply which they were instructed to prepare, and to which they have been permitted to affix the names of so many of their brethren.

From the undersigned, Ministers of the Gospel of God the Father, in the United States, to their Brethren of the same Faith in Great Britain and Ireland.*

Dear Brethren,—We received your letter called forth by the prospect of war between our two countries with feelings similar to those which prompted you to send it across the ocean, and though the apprehensions under which it was written are now dispelled, we cannot but reciprocate your expression of fraternal regard. You addressed us in words of anxious import, but we may reply in the language of congratulation. You have already rejoiced with us in the termination of the doubtful relations in which our respective Governments stood to one another, and especially in the settlement of those difficulties on a basis of mutual concession and equal justice. Wisdom has prevailed over false notions of honor and national interest, and an example has been given which cannot but have some effect on the diplomacy of future times. We concur with you in the sentiments you have expressed respecting the character of war. Unchristian and inhuman, the child of barbarism and the occasion of all evil, it should be regarded with abhorrence by every one who loves his race, and with mingled sadness and disgust by every disciple of Jesus Christ. That it has so long held Christendom in the bondage of its cruel fascination, is perhaps the most remarkable proof which history furnishes of the slow triumph of the religion of the New Testament over prescriptive opinions and practices. We think we see indications of a sounder judgment taking possession of the minds of men. A higher civilization than the world has yet known is giving promise of its approach, when freedom, righteousness and peace shall be cherished as the true elements and only securities of national prosperity. Statesmen are catching glimpses of the truth, that the relations of Governments as well as of individuals should be determined by the principles which the Gospel unfolds, and the faithful reiteration of this truth by Christian ministers in public and in private must, in time, give it a place among the deep convictions of society. Let Christianity be recognized as the ultimate authority in all human affairs, and war will be numbered among impossible crimes. We rejoice therefore, not only at the result of the negotiations which have twice within the last four years changed the prospects of a rupture between England and America into the establishment of a firmer peace, but also in the numerous proofs that such a termination of the differences between the two Governments was demanded by the voice of the people,—a voice which came from their hearts, and to which their rulers lent a not reluctant ear.

Our satisfaction in contemplating the present attitude of our country towards other nations is indeed lessened by the position which our Government has chosen to assume towards the republic of Mexico. We deplore the course which has been taken, and in which evil counsels induce those who have the control of our public affairs to persevere. We can assure you that a very large portion of the people of the United States regard this war as unjust and inexcusable. We have nothing to say in extenuation. We bow our heads in shame, and pray God to infuse into the minds of our rulers that "wisdom which is from above, pure, peaceable, full of mercy and good fruits."

In the Divine Providence evil is continually overruled for good. Out of the troubles which threatened to implant permanent causes of ill-will between the United States and the land to which we can never forget that ancestral associations and intellectual obligations should bind us, out of those circumstances which filled your hearts and ours with anxiety, has arisen one of the pleasantest offices of international courtesy. The Addresses which have passed between the two countries, laden with expressions of brotherly feeling and invoking a common effort for the

maintenance of peace, are in themselves means of cementing amicable relations. We thank you for the cordiality of your letter. We are glad to multiply ties which may unite us in one brotherhood of faith and love. May the God of peace be with you, to prosper and keep you. May the religion of peace overshadow your native land, and ours. May the spirit of our Divine Master, that meek and lowly One, whose name we bear, fill our hearts and give us peace forevermore.

With affectionate salutations,

* Some of the signatures to this letter are from brethren who are not now in the charge of congregations, but still preach occasionally.

For the Register.

MINISTRY AT LARGE.

A highly important meeting was held at Rev. Mr. Osgood's Church in Providence on Tuesday last.

In 1842 arrangements were made for the support of the Ministry-at-Large in that city for a term of five years. This period was drawing to a close—and the friends of the Ministry were desirous of making every exertion for its further maintenance and future success. A very full and able Report upon the subject was offered by Mr. Osgood—followed with extracts and an abstract from the Report of the Minister-at-Large, Mr. Babcock, to the Board of Managers.

Rev. Mr. Hall addressed the meeting with great earnestness.

Mr. Solon W. Bush of the Theological School at Cambridge, who had been intimately acquainted with the operations of this Ministry from the commencement in Providence, rose and expressed his conviction of the value and desirableness of such an agency.

The meeting was also addressed by Mr. Barnard of Boston, who maintained that precisely such steps were essential to secure the purposes of the Creator in establishing the cities or large towns of the globe. To quicken intellect, refine the taste, elevate the morals, and promote the religion of man—defending his liberty and securing his happiness—appears to be the object of the divine providence which lies in the foundations of the city. And neither history nor experience admits that the attainment of these high purposes is possible without the addition of the Ministry-at-Large to the means and appliances of every city or large town.

The meeting was a crowded one and closed at a late hour. It was to be regretted that more time could not have been found for fuller details or a further elucidation of this all-important ministry. The audience evinced the deepest interest in the subject.

The officers for the ensuing year were chosen. And before the meeting was finally adjourned, we were happy to learn, that nearly the whole amount required for the annual expenses of the mission were pledged upon the spot.

One hundred or one hundred and twenty five dollars a year are given by certain individuals in Providence for the Ministry-at-large. The city itself, our whole religious community, in a word, the whole world, is honored by such instances of good judgment and good feeling. We rejoice anew in our humanity. We are under every obligation to those who dignify and adorn the nature which we rejoice to share with them.

We should not say this, had we the least misgiving as to the expediency or the efficiency of the institution which is favored with this sympathy and support.

For the Register.

Mr. Editor,—I could not help reflecting as I read the Rev. Mr. Parker's sermon of which you gave an extended notice in your last number of the Christian Register, how much more readily men will be *coaxed* into deeds of charity than *driven*; while at the same time I could not but admit the truth of his remarks. A sermon like that, with all its appalling truth, and scholar like eloquence, will not, I venture to say, accomplish half as much in the way of doing good, as the little commendatory poem recently written by Mrs. Locke, which was thought by some to bear extravagant praise of the munificent of Boston. A simple fact convinces me of the truth of this also. Not long after the publication of that poem, I noticed several munificent donations for charitable purposes, by some of those therein commended, as though in truth not merely their love of approbation had been awakened, but as if they had been led to see that they *had* done good, and in *what* manner, (for the tale is there well told,) and thereby induced to attempt more.

Denunciatory language, however true the facts may be upon which it is based, is not the most judicious method of effecting or attempting good. If we would open the *purses* as well as the hearts of men, we should unclasp their folds more gently, and go to the work with more apparent kindness of spirit, or manner, at least, for who will not be moved by applause sooner than by condemnation!

C. A.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Christian's Daily Treasury, by Ebenezer Temple, which has been lately republished in Boston, is an Orthodox book, not written with any very remarkable ability, but it comes evidently from a religious heart, and will be a comfort, we have no doubt, to many devout inquirers. It contains a meditation, or short sermon, for every day in the year, and though its Christian simplicity is greatly marred by its doctrinal errors, it contains many useful reflections for those who would live devoutly. We subjoin a single specimen.

CHRISTIAN MEDITATION.

"We thought of thy loving-kindness, O God! in the midst of thy temple." Psalm xlviii. 9.

These are the words of David, and they accord with the sentiments and feelings of every true Christian. In them observe

A sacred exercise. Namely, Christian meditation.

It is an important duty. It is requisite for the formation of your Christian character, and your improvement in spiritual things. Reading, hearing, and the other exercises of religion, will be lost without holy meditation.

It is connected with difficulty. What! is it hard to think? Yes; there must be mental discipline. The powers of the mind must be brought to bear on holy objects. It is not a mere glance, a passing thought, or a hasty view, but a calm, steady, and deliberate contemplation.

It is associated with pleasure. Isaac felt it when he left the scenes of domestic intercourse, and went out into the field to meditate. David, amidst the splendors of royalty, could say, "My meditation of him shall be sweet; while I was musing, the fire burned."

It is attended with profit. By sacred meditation we ascend a high mountain, from whence we view the surrounding landscape; the higher we rise, the more do heavenly objects increase in magnitude, while the world and earthly scenes diminish in our view. But we have here

A delightful subject. The loving-kindness of God,

How vast! It includes more than the mind of man can grasp. Where is it to be seen? In creation, providence, and redemption. Refer to your own personal history; in how many instances do you see the loving-kindness of God displayed!

How interesting! We have thought—on what? On thy justice and vengeance? On the punishment inflicted on thine enemies? No: on something more encouraging and delightful to the mind—the exhibitions of Almighty love.

How elevating! Some things degrade the mind, but this ennobles it. In meditating on this subject, where are you? Walking with God; your communion is with the Father, and your conversation is in heaven.

A favorable spot. "In the midst of thy temple." There is

The cessation of occupations that would tend to prevent it. The objects of the world are hindrances to this sacred exercise, but there they are withdrawn: a solemn silence pervades the assembly, that bespeaks holy engagements.

The celebration of ordinances that are calculated to promote it. There is the Bible, which is a light shining in a dark place; there is the herald of the cross to unfold its truths; there are prayers and praises ascending to the throne above. Oh! who feels properly impressed under a sense of the Divine presence!

Annual Report of the Select Committee for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Indians.

We have read this Report with interest, satisfied to use the language of a friend, "that with its increasing means, its operations and usefulness have been much extended. About Twenty Four Hundred Dollars are annually employed in *Missions to the West and for the benefit of the Indians* in different portions of our country."

The Unitarian Annual Register for 1847.

We have looked over this useful publication, and would recommend it to all the members of our denomination as an excellent manual for daily use and reference.

When are we happiest.

A very good little story for good little girls, and we hope they will read it.

ADDRESS OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE THIRTEENTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

The undersigned, in announcing their intention to hold the 13th National A. S. Bazaar in Faneuil Hall, at the close of the year, feel that they may confidently ask the co-operation of all who love right, liberty and humanity.

If past labor, when almost unaided, has been so successful as recent events prove it to have been, in awakening the consciences, informing the minds, and moving the hearts of the people, what may not be hoped from the union of many in the fulfilment of the same great duty?

The funds raised will be expended as heretofore, in sustaining anti-slavery agents and periodicals, and the effect must necessarily be so to act upon the public heart and conscience that the individual, the State, and the nation may be ready in every coming emergency, to abjure all participation in the sin of slavery.

Ladies intending to take tables are requested to give early notice, that the arrangements of the Hall may be seasonably planned. Donations of money and articles will be gladly received by all the members of the Committee. Information having been already received of the diligence and devotedness of friends in Europe, in the preparation of rare and beautiful articles for the occasion, it only remains for the Committee to hope that their own countrymen and countrywomen will not justify the reproach we bear as a people by being found less high-minded, less just and less humane than their foreign coadjutors. The cry of a single slave can now arouse our whole State. It is to find a voice for those who are perishing unheard, the suffering and forgotten millions, for whom there can be no escape but through what of devotedness and fidelity to right may be enkindled in the land, that this effort is made. We trust we do not ask for aid in vain.

Maria Weston Chapman,	Catherine Sargent,
Ann T. G. Phillips,	M. A. W. Johnson,
Mary G. Chapman,	Caroline Weston,
Susan C. Cabot,	Anna R. Philbrick,
Eliza Lee Follen,	Mary Young,
Helen E. Garrison,	Harriet M. Jackson,
Sarah S. Russell,	Evelina A. S. Smith,
Sarah B. Shaw,	Eliza F. Merriam,
Mary May,	Caroline F. Williams,
Anne Warren Weston,	Abby Southwick,
Maria Lowell,	Mary Willey,
Sarah H. Southwick,	Marian Curtis,
Henrietta Sargent,	Ann R. Bramhall,
Frances Mary Robbins,	Lydia Parker,
Louisa Loring,	Harriet T. White.
Hannah Tufts,	

Worcester County Auxiliary Bible Society. Since the last publication, the Treasurer has received donations:—

From Calvinist Society, Worcester, by Deacon Taylor,	$162.28
From First Parish, Worcester, by Deacon Harris,	77.92
From Rev. Mr. Cross' Society, West Boylston,	17.46
From S. Salisbury, Worcester,	100.00
From First Congregational Society, Dudley, by Mr. P. Barnes,	8.13
From First Congregational Society, Princeton, by Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, of which $30 is to make John Brooks, Esq., a Life Member of A. B. S., and $6 is for the use of slaves.	36.00
From Union Society, Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Smalley,	88.00
From Mrs. Salisbury, Worcester, by Rev. Mr. Sweetser,	100.00
	$589.79

Worcester, Oct. 26, 1846.

OBITUARY.

HENRY LEAVITT HALL.

In this village, 17th inst., of consumption, Henry Leavitt Hall, eldest son of Gardiner C. Hall, aged 19 years.

It is now more than a week since it was first announced that our friend had met the inevitable change with the same composure that marked his character through months of suffering. This event, for some days expected, has filled all hearts with mourning for the dead, and sympathy for the afflicted living. In common with many who knew him long and intimately, we discovered in his character more of the excellencies, and fewer imperfections than usually belong even to the beloved. The dawn of manhood had fulfilled the promises of more tender years; and the expanding vigor and clearness of his intellect were adorned with a beautiful simplicity of soul which suffered no contamination from its contact with the world; and by a serenity unsurpassed during the relentless inroads of disease. An excellent understanding, high sense of honor and a warm sympathy with the true and good, bound us to him with no common attachment; and his memory will long be cherished with affectionate esteem. He seems to have fully apprehended the fearful nature of his malady—that the sands of life were nearly run out; yet, though we were often permitted the melancholy satisfaction of being with him in his decline, we never heard him complain that the summons had come. With calmness his preparations were made; he looked serenely on the sleep of death and in the solemnity of his final hour, he wrapped

the drapery of his couch

About him, as one who laid him down to pleasant dreams.

We grieve that he has gone—that the house of the respected and esteemed is filled with mourning—that so many promises are cut off by death, and in the inscrutable wisdom of Heaven, he was not permitted to walk longer among men in the nobleness of his life; but we rejoice in the manner of his departure, the impressions from which will sink deep into the hearts of his surviving associates, and incite them to nobler actions and higher attainments in that peculiar excellence which rendered the death of our friend so peaceful and happy. Com.

[Vt. Phœnix.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Terrible Disaster on Long Island Sound. Most of our readers have already become acquainted with the particulars of the wreck of the Atlantic. For information of distant subscribers we condense from various sources the following account.

The passengers for the Atlantic left this city on Wednesday afternoon and reached Allyn's Point about half past 11 o'clock that evening. There they embarked on board the Atlantic, and she shortly after left for New York. On her way down the Thames river, she stopped at New London, and left that port at between 12 and 1 o'clock on Thursday morning. When about nine miles outside the lighthouse, the steam box burst, rendering the engine entirely useless. The anchors were immediately hove over, at which the steamer rode through that night, which was very dark and stormy. At daylight she was abreast of the New London light, drifting all the while toward the shore. The smoke chimneys were first cut away, next the pilot-house, and then the bulk-heads, so as to give the wind a clear sweep through the vessel, and expose less surface to its attack.

The colors were hoisted half mast, but on the Mohegan's attempting some measures to go to her assistance, they were hauled down by order of Capt. Dustan, who knew that her efforts would be ineffectual. Thus the steamer remained all day, till towards five in the afternoon of Thursday, when the wind lulled, and hopes were raised that all danger was over; but not long after, the wind shifted two points and blew with more violence than before. The Atlantic gradually drifted nearer and nearer to the shore all Thursday night, and for two hours, from 2 till 4 o'clock on Friday morning, lay within a cable's length of the breakers, held by her two anchors and a kedge. About half past 4 the stern touched, and the cables instantaneously parted, and she broached to, lying broadside to the shore in a heavy surface. The coast was bold and rocky, inside of a shelving reef. Had she broached to the other way, so that her bow would have touched the breakers, perhaps not a life would have been saved. The vessel went to pieces immediately. Within five minutes of her striking nothing was left of her entire but her engines.

Captain Dustan was last seen upon the after promenade deck, giving his orders as calmly and with as little apparent emotion as if upon shore. All his efforts seemed to be for the preservation of his passengers—his own fate was joined with that of the vessel he commanded.

Mr. Stetson, who furnishes the above statement to the New York papers, attributes the loss of much life to the fact that the intermediate place between the boat and the rocky shore was filled with loose timbers from the wreck, and embarrassed those in the water in their efforts to reach the shore, the undertow being so strong, and concentrating this mass of timber into an almost solid body.

To every passenger was given one or as many life preservers as he might choose to take, and they were the means of saving many lives. By direction of Capt. Dustan, planks, and every thing portable and light, were also strongly lashed together, and pointed out to the passengers.

The passengers, acted nobly; there was no confusion, no selfish excitement: each one seemed to regard more the safety of his neighbor than of himself.

No steamer could have gone to her assistance or to aid the passengers, whose only means of getting ashore was by swimming, as no boat could live. The weather was piercingly cold, and all the passengers who saved their lives were much bruised among the rocks, and severely chilled.

All the females on board, eight in number, perished, and at the last accounts from the wreck 29 bodies had been recovered. All who were saved were seriously wounded. The ice formed rapidly, and was two inches thick on the shore when the landing was made. Mr. Boyle, the clerk of the Atlantic, says during Thursday "the passengers were greatly alarmed, and repeated prayer meetings were held in the cabin, where all resorted except the officers and crew. Capt. Dustan was at his post the whole time, as calm and self-possessed as if he had been on shore. His presence of mind and encouraging language, gave the utmost confidence to all on board. The boat struck the rocks about midships, and in two minutes was a perfect wreck. Most of the passengers were standing aft. All the upper berths were swept away, and it is believed that many were killed by the pieces of plank and timber. There were two families on the island, near the wreck, but they could afford no assistance. They however gave all the relief they could to the survivors. The passengers and crew were treated with the greatest hospitality by Mr. Winthrop, who resides on the island, and desire to return their sincere thanks to him for his very kind attention to them.

The particulars given by Mr. Varnum Marsh, of Haverhill, Mass. are painfully thrilling. When the Atlantic struck he was sitting in the gangway; his first impression was that a heavy sea had struck the steamer. In a moment after, however, although every moment was an age to these on board, the sea stove in the side of the vessel at his back, and swept him along, and dashed him against the sound side of the steamer. Before he could recover himself, another tremendous sea came and threw him against the upper side of the vessel. Thence he was thrown in among every thing moveable on deck, and considerably bruised, as we have seen. After he was thrown up the third time, he succeeded in catching hold of the sky-light-frame, and there remained for a few moments, and the only person near him to be seen or heard, was the small boy who was saved. He was on the top of the ledge, amongst the wreck. Our informant here discovered that he was made fast by an iron hook, on a bar of iron, which had become entangled in one of his life preservers; after great exertions he made out to throw one of the straps over his head, which drew the other still tighter. He then thought that all was over with him; but by an almost superhuman effort he succeeded in drawing that off. He then found that the other pair of preservers, which he had on, were entangled with those he had thrown off. To extricate himself from this difficulty, he laid down, and drew all off, over his feet, and threw them away. All this had to be done in a very few minutes; and what must have been his feelings in that time.

During this time the sea was breaking up the steamer, and dashing the pieces of wreck about, at one time against Mr. Marsh, and at another crushing either a poor passenger or an unfortunate sailor to death.

After Mr. Marsh had thrown away his life preservers, he saw a gleam of light from the upper side of the vessel. The Atlantic was then lying on her beam ends, and her decks covered with ice. By some means, wholly unaccountable at this time to Mr. M., he made his escape through the side of the vessel through which this gleam of light came. Before he reached that point, however, he saw a human being stand near the aperture.

After reaching to within six feet of the outside, he called to the person, whom he saw, and who proved to be the little boy, to pass him a piece of board, or something else, to enable him to get over the ice. The boy thought that Mr. M. told him to leave the place. This induced the boy to leave, and Mr. Marsh crept out over what he supposed to be a dead body, it was too dark to tell with certainty. Then he took hold of a part of the wreck on the side of the ladies' saloon, and walked on the edge of the vessel. On looking up, he saw the mast, with several pieces of timber or spars attached, swinging to and fro. At this moment a tremendous sea came and washed Mr. Marsh back into the sea. Then he found it necessary to swim as rapidly as his brusied limbs would permit him through the swell of the sea, ice, and broken parts of the vessel, to avoid the falling mast, and escaped by a few feet only. He then made for the shore as quickly as possible, which he finally reached in safety, after being driven back several times.

After Mr. Marsh turned towards the shore he heard some one cry "oh! what shall I do? I shan't get ashore?" Mr. Marsh encouraged him to strike out through the surf, and he had the pleasure, in the midst of his pain, to see the little fellow land on the beach.

As Mr. M. was thrown up for the last time he caught hold of a small sharp rock and held on till the sea left him. Then he crept on his hands and knees from the beach over rocks till he reached a large rock, which sheltered him from the wind. It was very dark and intensely cold at this time.

Shortly after this, Mr. M. heard a man speak, and inquire "Who is there?" Mr. M. made an exertion to speak and probably made some sort of noise; for the man told him "to hold on to his dress," to be led to his house. Finding himself very weak and cold, he could not walk without falling. Just then two other men came up, and conveyed Mr. M. to the house. This was about 5 o'clock in the morning, and from that time to about 8 o'clock Mr. M. was insensible.

The latest accounts that have been received here from New London, state that 29 bodies had been picked up from the wreck.

The following are the names of those known to have been lost:

Capt. I. K. Dustan, of the Atlantic; Rev. Mr Armstrong, of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; Dr. C. A. Hassler, of the U. S. Navy; Lieut. Norton, of the Army; Orlando Pitts, Charles French, A. F. Collamore, Dr. Watson, and Miss Jordan, of Boston. Mrs. Thompson and child, of Danvers; W. B. Solace, of Bridgeport, Vt.; Mrs. Hilton, Stewardess; Sarah Johnson, Chambermaid; Sarah Ruby, of Providence; John Walton, Mrs. Jane Walton, and their children, John, James, and Eleanor Jane, all of one family, from West Newbury, for Pennsylvania.

Robert Vine and Jacob Walton, of the same family, saved.

The remains of those belonging to this city have arrived here. Those of Mr. Pitts were buried yesterday.

Capt Dustan's body was carried to New York by the Long Island Railroad train, and was taken immediately to his residence on Staten Island. His wife knew nothing of the event until the dead body of her husband was brought home. She takes it very severely indeed. Capt. D. leaves five children the eldest of whom is only 14 years of age. He intended to have his life insured on his next passage home. Capt. D. leaves but a slight dependence for his family.

The Journal of Commerce, spraking of the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, says: "The christian public, especially that portion of it connected with the Am. Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, will be deeply grieved to learn that the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, one of the Secretaries of that Board, was among the lost of the Atlantic. He performed his last service for the benefit of his fellow-men on Thursday, while the Atlantic lay at anchor. He conducted the thanksgiving exercises, and delivered an appropriate address, recapitulating the reasons which ought to fill the bosoms of the passengers with gratitude and thanksgiving, and among the rest, no doubt, the supposed fact that they had been saved from the dangers which threatened their while the noble boat was drifting, and brought to a safe anchorage. Doctor Armstrong's family consists of his wife and five children, the eldest eighteen years of age, the youngest an infant. Dr. Armstrong was returning from his monthly visit to Boston, to attend the meeting of the Prudential Committee of the Board.

As soon as the boat struck, its bell commenced tolling, probably from the action of the wind upon it, and continued to toll slowly and mournfully as long as any portion of the wreck was to be seen.

Capt. Dustan, after staying by the boat until all human efforts were useless, and announcing such to the passengers to be the case, was lowered down from the hurricane deck, into the water, but probably being so benumbed by the cold, and exhausted from efforts to serve until the last as well as the strong undertow, while attempting to save himself, as was supposed, was drawn under the boat, and nothing more was seen of him until found on the shore. Before leaving his station he slipped the last cable.

Steamboat Collision. *Twenty or Thirty Lives Lost, and Twenty or Thirty Scalded.* The Sultana, Capt. Tutts, which arrived this morning from Vicksburg, brings the particulars of a terrible steamboat accident which occurred on the 21st inst., about seven miles below Natchez, in the bend of the river, by which some twenty or thirty lives were lost, and a great number of persons were severely scalded.

The Sultana, bound down the river came in contact with the steamboat Maria, Capt. T. W. Dunnica, bound up, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, striking her just forward of the wheelhouse, and by the violence of the shock, broke the connection pipe of the Maria, by which the chief clerk, the second engineer, and between twenty-five and thirty deck hands and deck passengers were scalded, many of them so severely that there is no prospect of their recovery.

Thanksgiving Day was observed in this metropolis last Thursday in a very appropriate and becoming manner, as recommended by our city authorities and in the Mayor's proclamation. Although the weather was very cold and stormy, the churches were generally well attended and the services solemn and impressive. The Unitarian Church, in which Dr. Dewey delivered a most eloquent discourse suited to the Thanksgiving festival, was crowded by an enlightened and attentive congregation.

The Boston Steam Flour Mill. This extensive establishment, and the wharf upon which it stands, has been built within the last two years. It is situated at East Boston, on the outer end of a new granite wharf north of the ferry landing, and is parallel to it, with sufficient depth of water at the end and both sides for vessels to lie afloat at all times of the tide. The building is an oblong square of 172 feet by 55, and from 80 to 90 in height, having seven stories or floors, including the two attic lofts. Connected with the north side of the building there is an engine house 60 feet in height by 20 in breadth, and rising from it a chimney 100 feet high.

The mill contains eight "run of stones," which are on the second story, and are worked by two engines of 60 horse power each. These engines have attached to them an approved condensing apparatus, which is considered superior to anything of the kind yet invented. There is also a small engine for supplying the boilers with water, which are so perfect in its arrangement that the rain water from the roof of the building, after being generated into steam, is again reduced to its original state, with only a loss of about 3 per cent., and thus the boilers, even in the dryest seasons, can always be supplied with fresh water, which is, of course, far superior to salt water.

Vessels ladened with grain lie alongside of the building, and discharge almost into its door, there being only a few feet of wharf outside.—The grain is first measured in the hold, it is then emptied into a square car with an inclined bottom, which is wheeled along a railway, placed on a weighing apparatus, and is then emptied into a vault below. Thence it is conveyed by endless buckets to the top of the building, and if required for immediate use can be at once passed through the process of cleansing and grinding—if not, it may be deposited into any of the lofts. It will be seen by this, that there is no hoisting by pullies connected with this establishment; but the engines transfer the grain from one part of the building to any other part, without the slightest recourse to manual labor.

The mill is now in full operation, and can manufacture 500 barrels of flour per day, or the equivalent to that quantity in corn or other grain.

A kiln drying apparatus (for which the B. S. F. Mill Co. have taken out a patent) will also be connected with this establishment, for preparing flour and meal for export. [Post.

*** The Thursday Lecture was preached this week by Rev. Dr. Gannett, of this city, from Psalm xciii., 4. "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters,—yea, than the mighty waves of the sea."

Subject,—Thoughts awakened by the loss of the Steamer Atlantic.

*** The First Parish in Templeton has invited Mr. Edwin G. Adams, a graduate of the Divinity School at Cambridge, in the class of the present year, to become Colleague with their Pastor, Rev. Charles Wellington; and he has accepted their invitation.

*** The Installation of Rev. John Ware took place on Sunday, 29th inst., according to the arrangements of which a notice was given in our last paper.

☞ NOTICE. Having employed a new carrier for our list in the South and South-Easterly parts of the city, we suppose that some of our subscribers may have failed last week, to receive their papers. We give this notice as our explanation to such, if any there are,—requesting them (if this notice should in any way reach them) to report the failures at our office.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The proprietor of the Register would repeat his request, to those subscribers who have recently had bills sent to them, to forward the amount, at their earliest possible convenience.

The money is needed for the essential operations of the establishment, and the early remittance will be a personal favor to the publisher, for relieving burdens which, from the long delay of many small but weekly increasing sums have grown to be very inconvenient.

Those at a distance, as well as those who pay sums not convenient to send by mail can pay the amount each to his respective postmaster, and forward to us his receipt. A proper form of receipt is given below.

Post Office, (Town,) (State,) }
(Month,) (Date,) 184 . }

Received of (A. B.) —— dollars —— cents for his subscription to the Christian Register, payable to the Publisher by the Post Master of Boston, Mass., on presentation of this Receipt, duly endorsed.

8— — C. D.,
n14 tf Post Master.

☞ The QUARTERLY CHARITY LECTURE will be preached in the Old South Church To-morrow Evening, at 7 o'clock. d5

☞ REV. CHARLES SPEAR will preach a Sermon on the Duty of Society toward Discharged Convicts, in the Rev Mr Wilson's church, next Sabbath at the usual hours of service. d5

☞ The CAMBRIDGE MINISTERIAL ASSOCIATION will meet in Cambridgeport, at Rev A. B. Muzzey's, on Tuesday next.
d5 WM. NEWELL, Sec'y.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, on Tuesday last, by Rev. Charles Adams, Wm. J. Buckminster to Eliza Dodge.

22d inst, by Rev Mr Blagden, Mr William T. Childs of Groton, to Phebe E. Bancroft of Boston.

19th inst, by Rev Dr Lowell, Mr Andrew C. Mudge, formerly of Portsmouth, NH, to Miss Maria Annable.

22d inst, by Rev Mr Streeter, Mr Gilbert Cummins, Jr. to Miss Catherine C. Graves.

In Brighton, 26th inst., by Rev Mr Whitney, Mr Samuel R. Bennett of Charlestown, to Miss Sarah B. Bryant of Brighton.

In Sterling, 24th inst, by Rev J. P. Allen, Mr Levi Kilburn to Mrs Polly Roper.

In Marlboro', by Rev Mr Alger, Samuel Hammond to Sophia Howe; Ephraim Howe to Lucy B. Russell; William Morse, 2d, to Maria D. Bigelow, all of M.

In Northboro', 17th ult, by Rev Jos. Allen, Rev T. Prentiss Allen of Sterling, to Miss Sarah A. Loud.

Also, Thanksgiving evening, Mr Samuel H. Russell to Miss Lucy L. Pierce.

In Southington, Ct., by Rev Mr Richardson, Mr Seth E. Barnes to Miss Lucinda C. Pond.

In Baltimore, 12th inst., Mr Lucius G. Hubbard, formerly of Deerfield, Mass., to Miss Gerusha C. Havens, of B.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., 18th inst., John H. Shepherd, Esq., to Mrs Orissa B. Foster, both of Boston.

DEATHS.

In this city, 22d ult, Freeman Dutton, 22.

21st inst, Sarah, widow of the late Simon Hall, 81.

Mrs Elizabeth Smallidge, 90.

21st inst, Nathaniel Teague, 32 yrs 6 mos.

17th inst, Mr Robert White, formerly of Wiscasset, Me, 30.

In East Cambridge, 18th inst, of consumption, Mr Thomas D. Burke, 38.

In Salem, 20th inst, George, son of George and Jane Putnam, 4 yrs 4 mos.

In Wrentham, 14th, Nancy H., relict of the late Luther W. Sherman, M. D., 29.

In Fitchburg, 12th inst, Harriet S., wife of Dr J. A. Marshall.

In South Woburn, 3d inst, after a protracted illness of nine months, Mrs Lucretia Henderson, wife of Mr William C. Cotes of Barre, Vt.

In Millbury, Nancy B., wife of Rev D. S. King of Boston, 36.

In Sherburne, 10th inst, Sarah, wife of Mr Hezekiah Morse, 75.

In Worcester, 16 h inst, Mary Ann, wife of Mr Levi Johnson of Framingham, 31.

In Westminster, Dea Joel Baker, 69.

In Watertown, Miss Mary Stearns, formerly of Worcester, 69.

In Milbury, Nov. 23, Mrs Nancy B., wife of Rev. Dexter S. King, of Boston, 39.

In Hubbardston, 16th inst, Nathan, son of Mr Josephus Clifford, 19.

In Danvers, 22d inst, widow Abigail Hooper, 81.

In North Danvers, 19th inst, Albert Spaulding, 15

In Beverly, 19th inst, of consumption, Mrs Caroline Woodberry, 40.

In Stoneham, 17th inst, Mrs Clarissa H. Dike, 33.

In Gloucester, Mr Aaron R. Allen, 34.

In Newburyport, Mrs Esther Cross, 80.

In Ipswich, Mrs Sarah A. Stevens, 37.

The Social Hymn Book.—The Social Hymn Book, consisting of Psalms and Hymns for Social Worship and Private Devotion, compiled by Rev Chandler Robbins, 18mo, containing 360 Hymns, 14 Doxologies, 21 Sacred Tunes.

'In looking over this work, we are happy to recognize a number of our favorite Hymns, the omission of which in other collections we have always regretted.' [Salem Observer.

'We are thankful for a collection large enough for every purpose and suitable in price to the means of many a struggling Church. This is an admirable selection of Devotional Hymns and will doubtless become a favorite one for the purposes for which it was designed. The collection was made by Rev Chandler Robbins, of this city, whose name is a sufficient guarantee for its excellence. We hail this little work, as one among the signs we daily see of interest in the work of enlivening the whole Church, and, bringing us all into active, visible co-operation.' [Christian World.

Individuals can receive copies for examination from the publishers, JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. d5

Thanksgiving Games. The Game of American Story and Glory, or History of the United States, comprising every fact of interest connected with the Presidents, and the States, in 40 cards, illustrated by 59 excellent wood engravings, price $1. Also, a Game of English Blood Royal, a game of the Monarch and Royal Nobility of England, from the Norman Conquest—in 80 cards, illustrated by 36 beautiful engravings, price $1,50. A silver medal was awarded at a late Fair of the American Institute of New York to the young author of the Game of English Blood Royal.

Published and for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO. 134 Washington, opposite School st. 3t d5

Revolt of the American Colonies. Price reduced to $3. An Introduction to the History of the Revolt of the American Colonies; being a comprehensive view of its origin, derived from the State Papers contained in the Public Offices of Great Britain, by George Chalmers: 2 vols, 8vo.

Published at $4,50. The balance of the edition will be sold at the low price of $3, in English cloth, lettered, by JAMES MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington, opposite School st. d5

The Unitarian, No. 6. The Unitarian and Foreign Religious Miscellany, devoted to the Explanation and Defence of the Principles of Unitarian Christianity, edited by Rev Geo E Ellis; price $1 per year.

—CONTENTS—

The Literary History of the New Testament;
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Greenwood's Hymns. The Publisher of the Christian Register has on hand Greenwood's Hymns, in all styles of binding furnished by the publishers, and at as low prices. He would be glad to supply Unitarian Societies which use this compilation. Individuals will also be supplied, at the lowest retail prices, and the volumes lettered for a small additional charge.

☞ Christian Register Office, No 1½ Water st. d5

New vol. Sermons by Rev. A. P. Peabody. Sermons to the Afflicted, by Rev A. P. Peabody, Pastor of the South Church, Portsmouth, N. H.

In press and will be published about the 15th Dec. by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 118 Washington street. is2w d5

New Books. Fact and Fiction, by L. Maria Child, 1 vol.

Mesmer and Swedenborg, or the relation of the developments of Mesmerism to the Doctrines and disclosures of Swedenborg, by George Bush.

Just received by CROSBY & NICHOLS, 118 Washington st. is3t d5

Nathaniel F. Williams,

(Late Collector for the Port of Baltimore,)

HAVING resumed his former business at his *Fire Proof Store, No* 14 *Bowly's Wharf*, respectfully tenders to his friends and the public his services as a

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Baltimore December 5, 1846.

Reference to—

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d5 tf

New English Books. Christianity the Deliverance of the Soul and its Life, by Wm Mountford, M. A., 16mo.

The Mission—The German Catholics, by G. G. Gervinus, translated from the German, 12mo.

Christianity of Europe, by Novelus Frederick Von Hardenburg, translated from the German, by the Rev John Dalton, 12mo.

The Philosophy of Art, an Oration on the Relation between the Plastic Arts and Nature, by N. W. J. Von Schelling, translated from the German by A. Johnston, 12mo.

The Destination of Man, by Johann Gotleib Fitchte, translated from the German by Mrs Parcy Sirnett, 12 mo.

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Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged.

G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass., have in progress, a new stereotype edition of "Webster's American Dictionary," to appear as early as practicable the coming season.

[From Burritt's Christian Citizen.]

"We would advise all who are about to purchase a complete vocabulary of our 'mother-tongue, to wait and examine, before they purchase, this cheap, and beautiful and convenient edition of Dr Webster, the merit and superiority of which, over all others, they will perceive at the first glance."

[From the Concord (N. H.) Statesman.]

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. Merriam of Springfield, Mass., a 'Specimen of a new stereotype edition now in progress, of Dr Webster's American Dictionary of the English Language.' It is elegantly executed, and the whole work, which is to be like it, will, when finished, be one of the most beautiful books ever issued from the American press. The paper is fine, white and firm, and the type new. There are three columns on a page, surrounded by a double marginal line, which gives the page a particularly neat and finished appearance. The whole is to be comprised in one volume, crown quarto. Among the advantages of this over former editions, are the addition of several thousand words,—a thorough revision of the whole work by Prof. Goodrich of Yale College,—the insertion of the key to the pronunciation at the bottom of every page, (very convenient,)—tables of Greek and Latin proper names, Scripture do, and Geographical do, (the last is a great desideratum,) and a Memoir of Dr Webster.—The first edition of the Dictionary, in 2 vols. quarto, cost $20; the second, in 2 vols 8vo, cost $13,50. This, which is the original work *unabridged*, with the

POETRY.

[For the Register.]

SABBATH SCHOOL HYMN.

One more prayer we'd say,
And one more thought express;
Oh guide us, Lord, to-day,
And with thy mercy bless

Oh, Lord, thy name we take
Upon our lips in love;
Our drowsy senses wake,
And guide our hearts above.

One blessing more we seek,
O grant it, Lord, we pray;
For we are frail and weak,
And seek not virtue's way.

That blessing is a heart
Free from blot and sin;
Pierce us with wisdom's dart,
That we thy truth may win.

[Selected.]

REBECCA PARTING WITH JACOB.

My youngest born, my pride of heart, thou must, thou must away;
Thy brother's wrathful hand is raised, and here thou canst not stay.
Oh! I have deeply sinned for thee! the chastisement be mine,
And I will bear it all, my son! the blessing shall be thine.

What matter though my childless years in grief and pain pass on?
Thou wilt be safe from danger's hour, my own, my darling son!
And, like the fountain sending forth a sweet and murmuring sound,
Thy pleasant voice will come to me, from some far distant ground.

Go, bear thy mother's blessing back to those from whom she came;
My kinsmen's hearts will leap for joy to hear Rebecca's name.
Say to them, Haran's shaded well, and flocks that near it stray,
Come to me in my midnight dreams, as fresh as yesterday.

Speed on, and when thy nimble feet have brought thee to the place,
And when thou stand'st, an exiled one, before my brother's face,
Tell him thou bear'st thy mother's soul, and therefore will not twine
Around the savage olive tree a strong and noble vine.

Ask if, of all my kinsman's house, no maiden bright there be,
Of lofty soul, with heart to seek thy father's God with thee.
And, if there be, O! say to her, "Rebecca left her all;
The Father of the faithful spoke, and she obeyed the call."

The angel of the covenant protect thee, precious child!
Defend thee from the covered snare, direct thee in the wild!
Oh! I shall weep in darkness oft, to think thy houseless head
Must pillow on the stony ground, or seek the foxes bed.

But glory, breaking on the gloom, my grief to joy shall turn;
Proud mother of a favored race, ah! wherefore shouldst thou mourn!
Go then, fulfil Jehovah's word, the blessing is for thee,
And joy, and pride, and thankfulness, beloved son! for me.

1846. L. G. P.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following story is not exactly a religious one; but it has nevertheless a moral which may contribute something to the sweetness and comfort of life. We do not know the source from which it is taken.

STORY OF AN IRISH FAMILY.

"All ye can do with him, Allen Agra, when he gets into these humors, is—to *take it easy*."

"Take it easy, indeed!" repeated the pretty bride, with a toss of her head, and curl of her lip: 'tis easy to say *take it easy*. I'm sure if I had thought Mark passionate, I'd have married Mike!"

"But Mike was so mighty dark," replied old aunt Alice with a mysterious shake of her head.

"Well so he was; but then I might have had Matthew."

"Ah, ha!" laughed old Alice; "*he* was the worst bird of the nest! Look, ye can wind Mark round ye'r finger, as I wind this worsted thread —it ye'll only *take it easy!*"

"Oh! I wish—I wish I had known before that men were so ill-contrived! I'd have died sooner than have married," sobbed Aileen, who, to confess the truth had been so petted by the neighbors on account of her beauty, that it would have required a large portion of love, and a moderate allowance of wisdom, to change the village coquette in to a sober wife. I say a large portion of *love*. "Wit," to quote the old adage, "may win a man, *but wit never kept one*; unless a woman cultivate the affections, even more than knowledge, she will never secure her husband's heart."

"O, whist! avourneen!" said Alice. "Sure I tould ye all along. "Mark" says I, "is all fire and tow; but it's out in a minute; Mike is *dark* and deep as the bay of Dublin; and Matthew is all to the bad entirely. You've got the best of the three. And ye can manage him just as the south wind that's blowing now—God bless it!—manages the thistle-down that's floating through the air—if ye'*ll* take it easy."

At first, Aileen pouted—then she sat down to her wheel—was too much out of temper to do what she was doing well—broke her thread—pushed it from her—took up her knitting—dropped a stitch—shook the needles—and, of course dropped some more.

"Take it easy," said aunt Alice, looking at her over her spectacles.

Aileen flung her knitting away clasped her arms round her aunt's neck—resting her head on her bosom—and wept outright.

"Let's go into the garden, sit under the old lime tree, and watch the bees that are near swarming," observed aunt Alice, "and we'll talk over ye'r trouble avourneen. It's very sorry I'm to see ye taking on so, for a trifle, at the first going off. But you'll know better by'n by, when real troubles come."

Poor Aileen, like all young people, thought her troubles were very real, but she held her peace; until, observing the bees more than usually busy, she muttered, "I wonder, aunt, you don't tell the bees to *take it easy*."

"So I would, dear, if *I saw them quarrelling;* but they're too wise to quarrel among themselves, whatever they do with *furriners*." The old woman paused: and then added, "sit down here, my child, and listen to what I'm going to tell you. Ye know well, avourneen, I was lawfully married first by old Father John, to Richard Mulvany—my heart's first love he was; Heaven be his bed, this blessed day, and grant we may meet above the world and its real troubles. Aileen, it was indeed a trouble to see my brave, young, handsome husband, dragged out of the blue waters of the Shannon; to find that, when I called, he could not answer; when I wept, he could not comfort; that my cheek rested for hours on his lips, and he did not kiss it."

Fourscore and five had passed over the head of this woman; and her age was as beautiful, according to its beauty, as had been her youth.—She had been married three times; yet her eyes filled with tears at the remembrance of the love and sorrow of her early days, and it was some time before she could continue.

"Well, dear, Richard and I had some little tiff and I said more than I ought to have said. And it was by the same token, a fine mid-summer morning, I strayed to the end of our garden, picked up a shining snail; and as I looked at the snail, I remembered how the last mid-summer day, I had put just such a snail between two plates, and sate for an hour; then raising the plate with the fore-finger of my left hand crossed over the fore-finger of my right hand; and then, as thrue as day, when I lifted the plate the thing had marked as purty an R and a piece of as beautiful an M as the school-master himself could write upon the plate; and then I cried to remember how glad I was *then*, and how sad now, and at last I cried myself to sleep. Alanna machree! I was little more than a child—not all out sixteen. Well, dear, in my dreams, I suppose I must call it, I saw the beautifullest fairy (the Lord save us!) the very handsomest of the *good people* that ever the eyes of woman looked upon —a little deesby dawshy craythur, footing its way all round the blossoms of a snow-white lilly, now twisting round upon the very top of her tiney toe; then, as if she was joining hands round, down the middle, and up again, to the tune of "the Rakes of Mallow——"

"The Rakes of Mallow" exclaimed Aileen.

"The Rakes of Mallow," repeated Alice; solemnly: "I heard it as plainly as I hear the *rising march of the bees* at this blessed minute. Well, of a *sudden*, she made a spring, and stood upright as a dart upon the green crown in the midst of the flower, and pushed back her ringlets, and settled her dress, at a pocket looking glass not so big as a midge's wing; then all in a minute she looked at me, and said, "I don't like the sight of a wet eye; what ails ye, young woman!"

"Well, to be sure, my heart came to my lips; but I had too much manners not to answer the great lady. And, "Madam," says I, "my eyes would be as dry, though not as bright as yer honor's if it wasn't for my husband, my lady; who wants to have a way and a will of his own."

"It's the way with all the men, my own husband in the bargain," says the queen, for she was no less; "and there's no use in fighting for the upper hands," says the queen, "for both the law and the prophets are against us in that, and if it comes to open war," says the queen, "we get the worst of it; if your husband falls into a bad temper, or a queer temper—if he is cross, or unkind, or both, *take it easy*." says the queen, "even if he does not come round at once. This quiet way of yours will put you in his heart, or him at your feet (which is pretty much the same thing) at last; *gentleness* does wonders for us women in fairy land. You could hardly believe what power it has; it's a weapon of great strength entirely in the hands of a purty woman—and you are very purty for a mortal," says she again, looking at me through the eye of a heart's case, which she wore about her neck for a quizzing-glass.

"I thank you, my sweet and beautiful lady," says I, "for your compliment." "Ah! ha!" she laughed, and her laugh was full of joy and hope, like music of the priest's own silver bell. "It's no harm," she continued, "if now and then you give him a *taste* of that which makes your eyes so bright, and your cheeks so red just now."

"What's that, madam!" says I.

"Flattery," says she. "Make a man, be he fairy or be he mortal, *pleased with himself*, and he is sure to be *pleased with you*," and then she laughed again. "Whatever he says or does," says her majesty, while she was getting into a *golden* saddle, a horse-back on a great dragon fly, "take it easy;" and I heard her laugh and sing when she was out of sight, and her sweet voice shook a shower of white rose leaves from a bush on my face. And when I awoke I saw the wisdom of her words, and kept them close in my bosom; and often when I'd just be going to make a sharp answer to him I loved for all that above the world. *I'd think of the fairy's word*, and the evil would pass away from my heart and lip without a sound; no one the worse for it, and I all the better. And sure Richard used to say I was like an angel to him. Poor fellow, he was soon to be thought *the differ*, for the angels took him from me in earnest."

"After a couple of years, I married again. I've no reason to fault the second I had; though he was not spirited, yet gentle, like him who *sighed out his soul in the blue waters*; he was dark and would not tell what offended him. Well, I'd have given the world to have some one to whom *I could have made a clean breast*; but I had none; and somehow I again sat in the same spot at the same time—I again slept—and again saw the same one of the good people. I did not think her honor was as gay as it had been, and I wondered in my heart if she too had taken a second husband; it would not have been manners for me to spake first, but she was as free as ever."

"Well," she says, looking at me very *solid*-like, "you've tried another; but, though you have not forgotten my advice, you do not follow it."

"Oh, my lady, please yer majesty," says I, "the tempers of the two are so differ!" "And I thought with the words my heart would break. For the moment poor Richard's humor was out it was off; but James would sulk, and sulk, like a bramble under the shade of an oak; and the fairy read my thoughts as if they were an open ballad.

"Ah," she said, "they are different; but the rule holds good—gentle and simple, hot and cold old and young; you must *take it easy*, or you'll never be easy yourself. Let a passionate temper cool; do not blow upon it, a breath may ruffle a lake, and kindle a fire. Let a sulky temper alone; it's a standing pool; the more it is stirred the more it will offend." "I try to talk her fine English, Aileen, but it bothers me," continued old Alice.

"Well, the end of it was, that she finished as before by telling me to take it easy; which after that I did; and I must say that James' last breath was spent in blessing me. Well, dear, Miles Pendergrass was rich, and I was poor—he wanted a mother for five children, and a servant for himself, and he took me. This was the worst case of the three. There was a deal of love, young, fresh, heart-sweet love at first; and more than is going in general to the second, but, oh my grief! there was none to the third. Oh, but marriage to a woman without love!—what is it? Where love is; it is even pleasant to hear a harsh word or an unkind look—a satisfaction that you can show your love, by turning bitter to sweet. Service is no service then; his voice is ye'r music; his words ye'r law; his very shadow on the ground ye'r brightest sunshine."

"Aunt," said Aileen, "you did not think that with the first at the time or you would not have wanted the *good people's* advice."

"True for ye, avourneen; we never value the sunbeams so much as in the dark of the moonless night! we never value a friend's advice till he is beyond our reach; and we never prize the husband's love, or the mother's care, until the grave is closed over them; and when we seek them there, the grass that we weep over is green, the mallow and the dock have covered the cross or the hearthstone, and the red earthworms we have disturbed brings us no message."

"I don't want to hear any more, aunt," said Aileen, pained by the picture her aunt had drawn; "I will prize Mark. Now I'll own to the first of the quarrel, and the last word of it, if he'll confess to the middle."

"Let a quarrel alone, when once it's over," interrupted her aunt. "A quarrel, darlint, is like buttermilk—when once it is out of the churn, the more you shake it, the more sour it grows."

"And must I say nothing when he comes home!"

"Oh yes, say 'Mark, my heart's delight!'"

"Oh, aunt, that would never do!"

"Well, if ye'r ashamed to say what you feel, a smile and a kiss will do as well."

"Did the fairy queen give you the same advice the third time!" said the bride, blushing like Aurora; for I suppose you saw her the third time."

"I must say, achora, she wasn't so civil to me the last time as she was the first and second," answered the old dame, bridling. "She tould me I wasn't as purty as I used to be—that was thrue enough to be sure, only one never likes to hear it; she tould me that when the bloom of woman's cheek fades, the bloom of her heart ought to increase; she talked a deal that I did not understand, about men making laws and breaking them; and how every one has a thorn of some kind or other to bear with; she tould me how hard it was to find three roses in a garden all of the same shape, color, and scent, and how could I expect three good husbands! She said, that as I had borne my crown I must bear my cross; she was hard enough upon me: but the wind up of her advice to me in all my troubles, was to *take it easy*; she had been married herself more than five hundred years!"

"The ould craythur! and to talk of your not being so purty as you were!" said Aileen.

"Hush, avourneen! Sure they have the use of the May-dew before it falls, and the color of the lilies and the roses before it's folded in the tender buds, and can steal the notes out of the bird's throats while they sleep."

"And still," exclaimed Aileen, half pouting "the best advice they can give to a married woman, under all troubles, is to—*take it easy*."

"It's a sensible saying, if properly thought of," said old Alice, "and will bring peace, if not love at the last. If we can't get rid of our troubles, it's wise to TAKE IT EASY."

LECTURES ON ASTRONOMY.

The Introductory lecture of Professor Mitchell on Friday evening, was deeply interesting and was listened to by a large and profoundly attentive audience. He commenced by alluding to some remarks made by him at the close of his annual report on Tuesday evening, on the interesting astronomical phenomena and important discoveries of the past year—the anomalous appearance presented by Biela's Comet on its late return—the discovery of the new asteroid, Astrea—of the great Central Sun by Maedler, and lastly, of a theoretic planet beyond the region of Uranus. This last was made by Le Verrier, a French mathematician and astronomer, and although the planet had never been seen, its existence was as clearly proved, as any problem in mathematics. Le Verrier even went so far as to assign its exact place in the heavens, and ventured the assertion, that if instruments of sufficient power were applied, it would be seen. Little did I then think that the prediction of this accomplished astronomer, would so soon be verified. I have the satisfaction of announcing this evening, that this hypothetical planet was actually seen by Dr. Gade at Berlin, on the 23d of September last. Intelligence of this discovery was brought from Europe by the last steamer, and last evening these eyes drank in the light reflected from an object more than three thousand millions of miles distant from our earth.

This wonderful discovery may be considered the proudest achievement of mathematical science. Now what does all this mean—and how have such stupendous results been attained? Has some one mind, gifted with god-like energy and power, grappled with this subject, and mastered the laws which govern the Universe? By no means. From the plains of Chaldea, where the starry heavens were gazed at with wondering awe, down to our *glorious* day, has this work of discovery been going on. Step by step has the human mind advanced until it has, as it were, grasped the Universe and holds it in his power! Copernicus paved the way for a Galileo; Galileo for a Newton; and Newton for a Le Verrier. Instead of the subject announced for this evening's lecture, he should devote the hour to an explanation of this important discovery, and the means by which it had been attained.

It is known to all, that matter is governed by two laws—the law of motion and the law of gravitation. With a knowledge of this fact, let us suppose a globe of the size of our Earth, suspended in space. Now let this body receive an impulse, and it will commence moving off in a right line, its velocity of course depending on the amount of impulse communicated. In this way, it would move on to all eternity—its progress only being arrested by the limits of space. Again, suppose another impulse is communicated to this body, at right angles to the first, and tending to draw it downward, as it were, from the right line before described. The motion would still continue, but the direction of the body would be changed, from a right line to a curvilinear path, between the two forces acting upon it. These two, called the centripital and centrifugal forces, constitute the great motive power of the Universe; and a knowledge of this wonderful law, discovered by Newton, may be said to be the foundation on which the superstructure of modern astronomical science has been reared. Having progressed thus far, let us now imagine ourselves at the centre of the solar system—the sun. We will suppose the system to consist of two objects only; the sun and the earth which we inhabit. It is evident that such a knowledge of the sun's mass, and its consequent attractive power, we can compute with accuracy the orbit which the earth will describe in passing round the sun; and if it were possible for us to hang immense golden rings around this path, the earth would pass through them successively, without a hair's breadth variation, from century to century and from age to age.

But a difficulty arising—a small body is seen moving about the earth, in an orbit analagous to that of the earth around the sun. Now, if these bodies are so constituted, that while the sun should attract the earth, it should exert no such influence on its attending moon, and while the earth attracted is satelite, the secondary should not attract its primary, all would yet go on harmoniously, and the earth would continue to pass through the rings as before. But to suppose this to be the case, is to suppose the greatest of inconsistencies. The Creator of the universe is a Unity, and the laws which govern it, are alike immutable and unchanging. If to the moon already mentioned we add the interior planets, and those which lie beyond the orbit of our earth, and their attendant satelites, and the millions of comets sweeping through the system in every direction, and governed by the same law of mutual attraction, I would ask, how can order, symmetry and beauty be brought out of this tangled mass of confusion? The mind of man has accomplished it! The only remaining discordant note has been attuned by the hand of LE VERRIER, and the voice of Nature is now a voice of melody.

Professor M. then went on to speak of the rapid advances which had been made in the department of mathematical science during the past few years. The subject, he well knew, was a dry one to a popular audience, and generally deemed barren of poetry or interest.

But to the lover of science it was far otherwise. Would, said he, that I could take you down into those deep caverns, and show you the rich gems that glitter in profusion there. But this is in the nature of things impossible, and you can only learn their existence by their occasional flashing results. Go with me, now, to the study of Le Verrier, and see him patiently working out this vast problem. He finds by examination, that the motion of Uranus as ascertained by actual observations, during a period of more than sixty years, differs from this hypothetical motion to such a degree, as can be accounted for only in two ways. Either the law of gravitation, which it has been supposed applied to all the heavenly bodies, is suspended at the confines of our system, and another system, especially if it be conjoined with idleness, its almost necessary companion. A dark house is generally a dirty house; and it is in dark corners that the poor accumulate filth, which they are too idle to throw out of doors. If such dwellings were exposed to the light of day, a sense of shame would often induce a superior degree of cleanliness; and the cheerfulness of mind which a light house tends to foster would be productive of still greater advantages. Mr. Clay in his Report on Preston, has well said, that "something may be hoped for a people who can feel "a joy in flowers;" but the poor can seldom possess even this small advantage in the miserable residences we have provided for them.

[Liverpool Health of Towns' Advocate.

NEGATIVE GOODNESS. Some people seem to plume themselves upon the notion that they never did any harm, though every body can testify that they never did any good. So far as public evils can be cured by letting them alone, so far as they are excellent reformers. An editor lately closed a flattering obituary by boasting that the deceased never made an enemy during his life. Another editor remarked that in all probability he never undertook to do any good in the world, for no such persons ever failed in making enemies.

AEROLITES.

Dr. Wall's theory of the formation of these fearful missiles, which was read before the Society of Arts, appears to us to possess strong features of probability. "They are known," he remarked, "to consist of an alloy of iron, with some traces of other metals, and are generally invested with a vitreous glaze of earthy matter; features which evidently denote a volcanic origin. It is but natural to suppose that fires, such as those we have in the centre of the earth, reduce the ores with which they come in contact into a metallic liquid state, and thus afford the supply of magnetic power to the atmosphere, to which they ascend through the vent afforded them by volcanoes. Hence, no doubt, the vast electro-magnetic concentration always found to exist in the vicinity of volcanic mountains. It is well known to those conversant with the operations of a foundry, and who are familiar with the properties of heat, that portions of the most ponderous metals, when in combination with other matter of a more volatile nature, are eliminated and dissipated like steam. While, therefore, fusion is progressing in these vast subterranean furnaces, iron, in alloy within carbon, sulphur, and the semi-metals, is carried off in minute particles, and, finding egress through the crater, is borne aloft simultaneously with the free carbon, issuing in the form of smoke.—Notwithstanding the extremely minute division which has taken place, the nature of the affinities of these metallic atoms remains unaltered, and they will infallibly coalesce on the first occasion which offers for a reunion. So long as the atmosphere continues in one uniform settled state, no change can take place; but once the electric fluid which still pervades them, and holds them in the extended but continuous bond, becomes disturbed, whether from excitation or alteration in the equilibrium of the positive and negative conditions, the power which has kept them asunder is then overcome, and the atoms rush again into union. The phenomena indicative, or at least coincident, with such an occurrence, are strikingly observable. Clouds of great magnitude, and of a dark and lowering aspect, stretch athwart the heavens in irregular but determined course towards the rendezvous where these operations are about to commence. In these masses of clouds considerable friction or attraction takes place, from the force of the winds and other causes. While they are thus preparing for the assault, a strong commotion is perceptible, which is nothing more than an adjustment of power, producing, in the act of obtaining a due balance, the lightning's flash and the thunder's roll; the metallic particles are thrown into agitation, their affinities are excited, and they once more rush together. Thus united they form a body outweighing the specific gravity of the atmosphere, and are consequently borne to the earth in the form so well known as thunderbolts: the carbon, sulphur, and phosphorus, as well as other alloys, combining to accelerate and augment the ignition of the fiery ball in its falling course. This course, though doubtless modified by accidental circumstances, has been generally remarked as bearing on an angle of forty-five, along a meridian from north to south. These aerolites often travel to a great distance, and fall in parts where there are no appearances of storm, or the least change in the atmosphere. [Patent Journal.

MAKE YOUR OWN FIELD OF LABOR.

There are some ministers in all denominations who want the people to fell the trees, clear the land, remove the stumps, extirpate the bushes and plough the land, *after* which they are ready to be hired for good salaries to go into the vineyard and work for the "ten hour system," with gloves on. And if not called into such fields, they think the people very indifferent to the cause and highly ungrateful towards their public *servants*.

There are such ministers in the Congregational denomination; and this fact has called out a writer in the Mirror, who heads his article "Make your own field of labor." After describing the errors we have alluded to he says:—

"Let me say then to all the young men, in our Theological Seminaries, and to all others who are looking forward to the *work* of the Christian Ministry, as a *great, noble*, as well as a *good work*, be ye ready in obedience to your Savior's directions, to go out into the highway and hedges, and into every new and uncultivated portion of your Lord's vineyard, and there make to and for yourselves churches and parishes, that will love you dearly, that will cling to you while life remains, and where you may gather much rich and precious fruit unto life eternal.—Do this and you will never *rust*, nor will your soul be blighted or blasted; and not many years hence, the whole land shall be 'full of the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.'

This is good advice, and we transfer it to some of the unemployed young ministers of our own denomination—especially those who hang around Jerusalem, seeking a chance to work, or rather luxuriate, in the Flower Gardens of its suburbs. There is, up here in Maine, much land yet to be possessed—hundreds of places where there is *material* enough to operate upon, and which might be brought into good shape, if some skilful men would go forth and *work*. The wilderness and solitary place would be glad for them, and the desert might be made to rejoice and blossom as the rose. If they did not have their lust of gold gratified, they might find opportunity to have *better* virtues—such as *patience* and *hope*, tried and proved. A field which a man clears up himself will make him a happier *home* than any one prepared by another's labor. [Gospel Banner.

MORAL EFFECTS OF LIGHT. Dark and sombre dwellings and streets are the well-known resort of the most depraved classes in all cities and towns. This may be said to be a universal law of our social economy, and hence it becomes a matter of some importance to consider whether it would not be advisable, on moral grounds also, to attend with greater care to the construction and improvement of the residences of our laboring population. Darkness produces carelessness and depression of mind, and of the whole nervous system, especially if it be conjoined with idleness, its almost necessary companion. A dark house is generally a dirty house; and it is in dark corners that the poor accumulate filth, which they are too idle to throw out of doors. If such dwellings were exposed to the light of day, a sense of shame would often induce a superior degree of cleanliness; and the cheerfulness of mind which a light house tends to foster would be productive of still greater advantages. Mr. Clay in his Report on Preston, has well said, that "something may be hoped for a people who can feel "a joy in flowers;" but the poor can seldom possess even this small advantage in the miserable residences we have provided for them.

[Liverpool Health of Towns' Advocate.

SOAP STONE QUARRY, AND FARMING IMPLEMENTS. The subscriber is now opening at Blandford, a valuable and extensive Quarry of Soap Stone, which is superior to any other substance for lining Stoves, Furnaces and Fire Places. The fire has no effect upon it. From four to six tons of the stone is at the Depot of the Western Railroad at Russell, where it may be examined and purchased.

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JOHN OSBORN.

Blandford, Oct 17, 1846. ft

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[Extract from a letter by Rev. Dr. Francis, of Cambridge.]

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Concord, Mass., Jan. 15, 1845. ostf j24

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[From Dr John C. Warren, Hersey Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in Harvard University.]

At the request of Mr Bates, I have examined his Chamber Shower Bath. It appears to me to be the most convenient portable shower bath I am acquainted with, for it is light, neat, and worked with very little trouble. This is an improvement which I am very glad to see, because I consider the external application of cold water to be a practice highly useful, and even important to most individuals.

The daily washing of the body serves to remove the cuticle which is constantly forming on the surface of the skin, and thus purifies it, and leaves its pores open for the discharge of those fluids which the preservation of health requires. Another great advantage is, that the sudden application of cold water in this mode to the suface of the body produces a bracing effect on the internal organs, particularly those of digestion.

The introduction of these baths into public hotels would be, in my humble opinion, one of the greatest additions to the comfort of travellers, and their general use in private families would add much to the health of our whole population. JOHN C. WARREN.

Boston, April 2, 1845.

[From Dr. Geo. Hayward, Professor of the principles of Clinical Surgery in Harvard University.

Sir,—Having seen in operation, and examined the Chamber Shower Bath of Mr Bates, I take great pleasure in expressing my approbation of it. Frequent bathing is so necessary to health and comfort, that I am glad an apparatus has been constructed by which a person can take a shower bath in his own chamber with very little inconvenience. The bath of Mr Bates I think well adapted to the end proposed, and hope it will come into extensive use. GEO. HAYWARD.

Boston, April 7, 1845.

[From Dr. J. W. F. Lane.]

Boston, March 1, 1845.

The functions of the digestive apparatus and of the skin are so intimately connected, that the disorganization of the former frequently results solely from impediments to the due discharge of the duties of the latter. From inattention to cleanliness of the whole surface of the body, and from a want of more frequent general ablution, the minute pores of the skin become blocked up, so that the proper evaporation can no longer take place. To obviate these difficulties, and the diseases originating from them, no measure is perhaps so well adapted as the shower bath, properly regulated.

The patent Bath of Mr Bates, manufactured by L. V. Badger, is an article not only well adapted to all the cleanly purposes of the body, but so combines neatness and elegance as to be an ornament to any chamber.—The day cannot be far distant, when it will be deemed as essential to furnish the dressing room with one of these, as it formerly was with the wash-basin, and the advantages to the health resulting from the change, will soon make themselves apparent.

J. W. F. LANE, M. D.

[From the Hon Harrison Gray Otis, Boston.]

Mr. L. V. Badger: Sir,—In reply to your note, I am quite ready to say, that I have used your Vapor Lamp, in connection with a chair and curtain, which was originally furnished with a spirit-burner, and that I prefer yours altogether, as it may be placed at a distance from the other apparatus with perfect safety.

I am respectfully yours, &c.

H. G. OTIS.

[From H. G. O. Colby, Judge C. C. P., New Bedford.]

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